WEEK ENDING FEB. 14 1925

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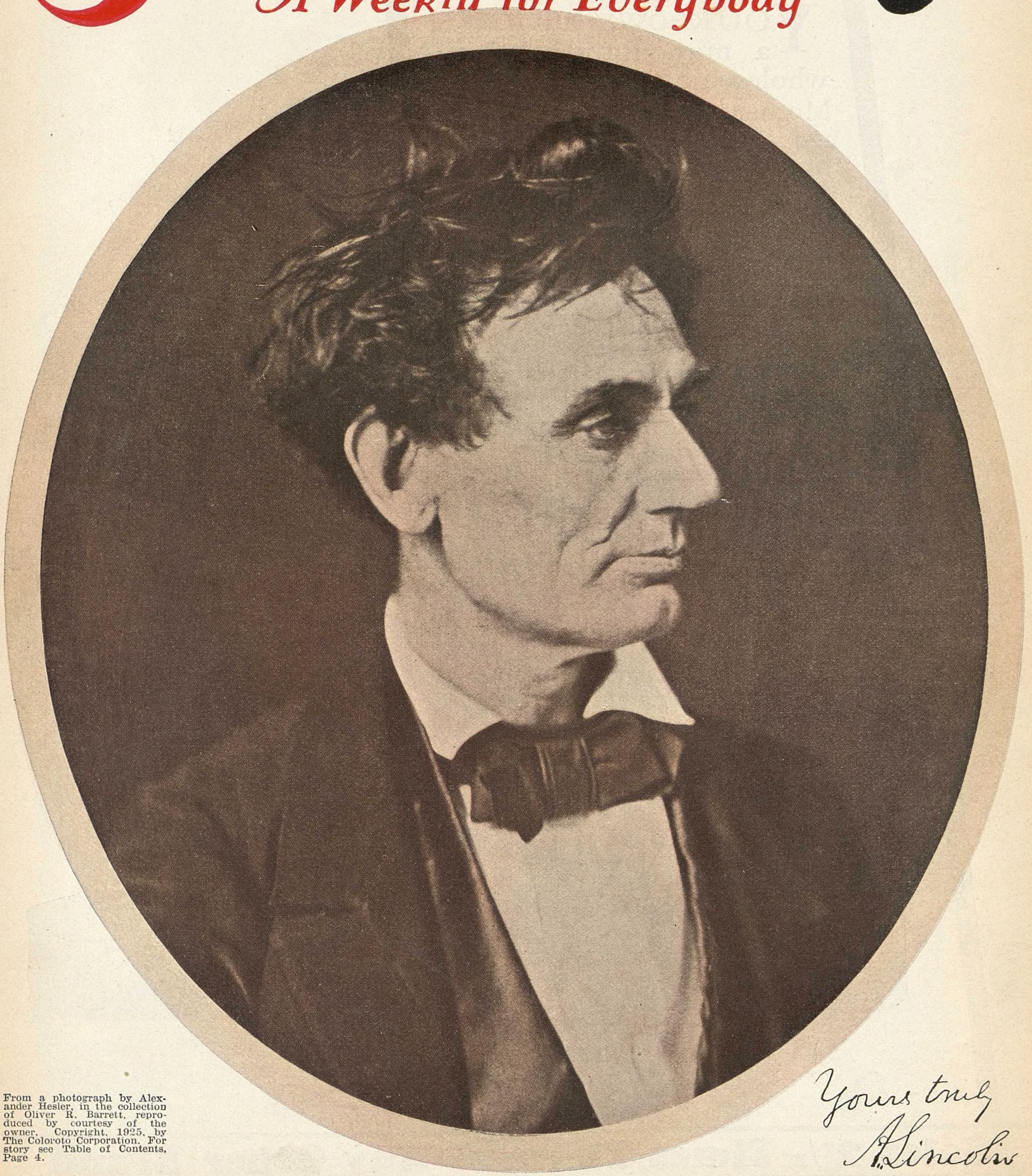
Liberty

A Weeklu for Everybody



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Yours truly
A. Lincoln

In this Issue: THE OTHER SIDE *By Ring Lardner*

The Way to a Man's Heart

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FEB. 14, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1 No. 41

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: 7 S. Dearborn St. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

PAST AND FUTURE

Most of us have a tendency when we think of human affairs to divide human history into two parts, one before we were born and one after. This is especially an unconscious assumption of youth, but it is found not infrequently in the thought of mature and even distinguished men.

For example, Mr. H. G. Wells discloses it in his remarkable survey of human life, The Outline of History. He begins his work with a description of the making of the earth. He tells of the coming of the first forms of organic life and follows through the ages the struggle of beasts and of men for existence, their conflict with blind nature and its vast forces, and with one another. He shows us what is known of the world before recorded history. He shows us in brief the beginnings of primitive human life and of primitive society in the family and the tribe. He shows us the beginnings of what we call civilization and the birth and course of nations.

It is a tremendous story and it is a story of perpetual conflict, the story of the struggle to survive, to seize what is desired whether it is the savage's capture of a wife, the nomad's sweep into richer pastures and luxurious cities, the great empire's conquest of colonies and continents. In all is the law of struggle, of competition, of conquest. In all is the law of birth, growth, and death, whether of suns or plants, of individuals or of nations. They are created, they develop, they decay, and pass away.

Mr. Wells does not flinch from this lesson as he tells us the story of the past, but when he begins to project his thought into the future, and to outline for us the society of tomorrow, he takes leave of the lessons of the past and offers us a picture of a world which has escaped the laws of survival by struggle, a human society without competition, without conquest, without the forces which build for self and which disintegrate existing things. He offers us in short a stable world and promises us progress without the mainspring of conflict which he has shown us in his previous vivid pages at work from the earliest appearance of organic life.

This is very much as if a young muskrat coming out of its burrow on the banks of the Mississippi should look upon that mighty current and discover that it is muddy, destructive, moving aimlessly beyond its ken, and, viewing that vast force, should declare it must be changed to meet his thought of what it ought to be, clear, still, controlled to the ends approved by muskrat intelligence.

A current illustration of this fallacy is to be found in the layman's estimate of the importance of the aeroplane or of the submarine or of poison gas in future wars. Each enthusiast asserts that all previous military instruments are obsolete. Aeroplanes will wipe out armies and navies and cities or whole nations by dropping explosives or devastating gases upon them. Submarine enthusiasts declare the surface ship is of the past. Gas, it is foretold by others, will do destruction on a scale surpassing all former modes. In other words, those harboring the "after this it will be different" delusion do not believe there will ever be another war, because war will be too ruinous.

This is not true. As a fact, no weapon has ever been invented which killed so large a percentage of those opposed to it as the Roman short sword. The institutions of war, like those of peace, are a gradual evolution through infinite trial and failure, one apparently novel thing rising to meet and offset another. Means and methods are modified, added to, improved, relinquished, but to those who look deeper beneath the changing surface of events, the main stream of human progress is seen to move with slow and gradual majesty, and the saying of the preacher, "There is no new thing under the sun," has a deeper truth than all the sensational predictions of sudden transformation in the affairs of men.

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Cover Portrait—Abraham Lincoln

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Ticket to Timbuctoo

STEPHEN AVERY

WHEN he was a boy he pushed his nose against a window pane and saw the Golden Islands. When he was a man the far places called again and he went away—to forget a girl. Back in the home town, years afterward, he found her won by another. And then things happened. But down to the last line of this fascinating short story by *Stephen Avery* you are kept wondering how it's going to turn out.

And you will find the world a more amusing place to live in when you have read *The Most Dramatic Moment of My Life.* There is a laugh in every line of *Robert H. Davis'* droll tale of boyhood adventure in the far West. It's about a bartender, a minister's son, a blind fiddler, and a perfectly good plot that went all wrong.

Ring Lardner takes you with him to a Spanish bullfight next week in another installment of *The Other Side;* facts stranger than fiction are revealed by *Paul L. Kinkead* in an article on *Overnight Millionaires of Florida,* and the remarkable series of reminiscences by *Mary Allen Hulbert* comes to a dramatic conclusion in a chapter entitled *My Last Meeting with Woodrow Wilson.*

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Other Side

By RING LARDNER

I took the madam to Maxim's for lunch and it was the first time she ever seen ladies standing up to the bar amongst the boys and several of the ladies smiled at me and she wanted to know where I had met them.

Beginning the Simple Annals of a Pilgrim's Progress Across Europe—Our Hero Voyages to Paris, Seeks a Shock, and Gets It When They Bring Around the Check

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

CHAPTER ONE

I SUPPOSE you people wants to hear about my trip acrost the old pond. When I say the old pond, I mean the Atlantic Ocean. Old pond is what I call it in a kind of a joking way.

Well, the wife hadn't never been to Europe, but she was half scared to go on account of seasickness which she even gets it on a bicycle. Personally I am a good sailor. Of course when I say good sailor I don't mean I would be any good sailing a boat, but it's just an expression I got up for a person that don't get sick easy.

Finally the wife agreed to go along provided I would pick out a steady ship so I made inquiries around and got pretty good reports on the Paris. The Paris is a French Line ship and named after Paris, the capital of France. The Paris is a six-day ship, or in other words, it made the run in a little over seven days.

We had to get our pictures taken and send to Washington for what they call a passport and when the passport come back, we had to get it what they call visaed by the consuls from the different countries which we intended to visit. We decided to visit France, Spain, Germany and England. They soaked us ten dollars for each visa, but while I was going around getting the visas, I found out that you can go to Holland for nothing, so we added Holland to the places we would visit if we had the time. The other countries ought to take a tip from the Holland Rotarians or whoever thought up the free gag, as it must draw a lot of customers in the course of a year.

They wasn't much of a passenger list on the Paris, but they was a big crowd down to see us off, if you only counted my children. We left the dock about ten in the morning and was soon out in the middle of North River looking at New York's skyline which I will not describe same here as it has already been mentioned in two or three books and magazines. Suffice it to say that the buildings in downtown New York are very impressive, some of them being several storeys high.

We were shown to our cabin by a steward and I made the remark how funny it was that on a train, all the porters and waiters is named George, but on a ship they are all named Stewart. The wife was nervous and did not laugh.

Along about one o'clock a big gong sounded and we went down to lunch, where a steward told us we could not smoke in the dining room, but I soon showed him his mistake.

DURING the afternoon we unpacked the baggage and also found out the names of some of our fellow passengers. Amongst them was Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt who somebody told me had saved up quite a tidy sum of money and neither one of them has to work.

Another passenger was Gus Wilson, who sets in Georges Carpentier's corner during the Orchid Man's so-called fights and feeds him smelling salts. Mr. Wilson was born in Alsace and took the name Wilson because his own

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In the middle of the evening we docked at Havre.

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name had so many letters that he couldn't commit it to memory.

Mr. Wilson was chaperoning an American featherweight named Bud Dempsey and a welter named Jack Reed. The two boys was expecting to make some money in France and Germany, especially in Germany where the boxing game is at fever heat and when a bout is over throngs of fashionable dressed women throw flowers at whoever wins.

Messrs. Dempsey and Reed put on a three round exhibition bout previous to the ship's concert, but didn't act like they was very mad at each other. The proceeds of the bout and the proceeds of the concert was as usual donated to the disabled seamen's fund which by this time ought to make the Russian debt look like chicken's food.

At noon of the last day we stopped outside of Plymouth, England, and let off a few passengers that didn't know no better. In the middle of the evening we docked at Havre, but the most of us stayed on the board of the ship all night and got off the next morning and I and the wife took the ferry for Deauville on account of a cousin of mine living near there. It was past the height of the Deauville season, but all you had to do was settle with the hotel to find out why they call it Deauville.

We went to the Casino one night expecting to play roulette, but all as they had was a game called Boule, which has only got nine numbers instead of thirty-six and the ball they roll is rubber. They pay you seven to one on a single number, which don't seem hardly fair, but just the same I cleaned up fifty francs or about two dollars and a half and the croupiers was sure tickled to death when I bid them a fond good night.

That is about all that happened at Deauville except one afternoon I was setting all alone at a table in the lounge of a hotel and the waiter asked me what would it be and I says dry Martini and pretty soon he came back with three Martinis. He thought I had been talking German. I told this gag to Frazier Hunt a few nights later and he said it was old stuff, but all as I can say is that it happened to me.

WE left Deauville one morning at eight o'clock and reached gay Paris at eleven o'clock. I had both wired and written for reservations, but the head clerk hadn't never heard of me. Finally, however, he says to register and he would do what he could in a couple of hours. I forgot to say that when you register at any hotel in Europe you have still got to write your autobiography so the police and military authorities can look you up. This rule went into effect on account of the war and it looks like the hotel people hadn't heard of the armistice.

Well, anyway, while we was waiting, I took the madam over to the Seine which is a big river running right through the town, and also showed her the Eiffel Tower which she said what is it for and I couldn't answer, and I also showed her the Louvre and the Tuileries and finally took her to Maxim's for lunch and it was the first time she ever seen ladies standing up to the bar amongst the boys and several of the ladies smiled at me and she wanted to know where had I met them, so I says they probably recognized me from my pictures.

We got our room after lunch and the man that showed us up to it said that Gloria Swanson and Jackie Coogan was stopping at our hotel though not together, but anyway we stayed in our room all afternoon expecting maybe one of them would call up. The phone didn't ring however, and finally we went down to dinner and then to the Folies Bergere, which the gals comes out in one scene all dressed up like Eve. In the final scene they have a pool on the stage and the Tiller Girls walk down steps into it clear over their heads. The wife made the remark that it wouldn't hurt none of the costumes in the show if they was submerged a while.

Well, to make a short story out of a long story, why, during this stay in gay Paris we took in all the Montmartre night joints like the Dead Rat and so forth and the only shock I got was when they brought the check around. All the music was American jazz and all the conversation was American and English, though one of the newspaper men told me that they's some old time Parisians that still speaks French.

Next time I run across you I will tell you about Biarritz and Spain and maybe the Riviera, which I know you can't hardly wait.

Mr. Lardner will run across you again in an early issue, describing his experiences in The Basque Country.

The waiter asked me what it would be and I says dry Martini and pretty soon he came back with three Martinis.

Mallory talked desperately. "Don't be frightened. Please don't be frightened. I wouldn't hurt you for worlds."

Westward—HOW?

By BEATRICE BLACKMAR

The Rollicking Story of Two Young Adventurers, a Girl, Six Restaurant Spoons, and the Wild, Wild West

Pictures by C. J. McCarthy

I.

"WE WANT to travel through the West this summer," said Mallory McClain ingratiatingly to his father. "See America first. We—thought that—if you'd let us take the roadster, we'd work our way—on farms—help get in the nation's wheat crop and all that." He directed at his father his most man-to-man smile, and surreptitiously nudged his friend, "Bluebell," standing beside him.

"Yes, sir, help get in the nation's wheat crop," came from Hugh Bell Brewster in instantaneous though slightly repetitious support.

The senior McClain, entrenched behind the mahogany desk of his office, looked unusually impregnable. This gentleman, as his son well knew, having made his own way from a rural youth of seventeen to his present eminence as president of the McClain Canning Company of Chicago, had two warring impulses regarding his son; one, the desire to give him the luxury which he himself had missed; the other, usually victorious, a fear lest too much ease should make his son "soft."

Mallory regarded these peculiarities of his father, which he felt he understood thoroughly, with the affectionate tolerance of youth. Only they required gentle handling.

"If I'd let you take the roadster," repeated the elder McClain, rubbing his chin. And then, "Work your way, eh? What do you know about farms?"

"I've got good muscles." Mallory regarded his flexed arm proudly. Bluebell, as though touched by a spring, flexed his plump arm in accord. Mallory felt that the crux of the decision had arrived.

"Bluebell's uncle's got a ranch out in western Wyoming. We thought we'd head for that, eh, Bluebell?"

"Yes, sir," said Bluebell, like one prodded. "My uncle writes that they're always short of help during July and August. They simply can't get help enough. They have to send to Denver—and all sorts of places—to get enough help." He smiled his best. "We thought we'd sort of—help them out."

Mr. McClain said, "What's this your mother tells me about your taking your tuxedos in one suitcase and your overalls in the other? Going to dress for dinner—on the ranch?"

Mallory hadn't expected his mother to say anything to his dad. He was knocked slightly. He'd hate to have to cut down on the things he told his mother—but gee!

"Why, you see, it's this way, Dad. You see, being a farm hand for a whole summer might get monotonous; so we thought we'd sort of stick in our tux—cause there are those people in Carthage, Wyoming—the Bings. You see, if we worked hard most of the time we'd sort of wanta splurge when we got into town—see?"

He felt that the tuxedos weakened their case slightly, and added, in some anxiety:

"Mother thought it would be sort of good for us to make our own way."

Mr. McClain stopped his chin rubbing and said:

"Well, I had figured out that this would be a good time for you to start in the business. But I guess I'll let you take the roadster and go ahead. Only"—his tone took on a little gravity—"only, you're on your own, see? This is to be no skylarking episode. If you have to wire home for money, or get in any sort of a scrape, why, it's right about face and homeward bound."

Mallory knew that it was the unfortunate tuxedos which had added that tinge of severity. But, on the whole, all was well.

"Aw, gee, Dad, thanks, that's great," he said, thumping his father with affection on the shoulder. "We'll get along all right. You won't hear a peep out of us—not a peep."

"All right. Remember, I'll trust you not to get into any scrapes."

"Yes, sir; I mean, no, sir," said Bluebell heartily, edging toward the door. They oozed out with tact and highly jubilant.

It was a month later. Mallory and Bluebell sat on the hard bench of a garage in a town in eastern Wyoming. A signboard said, encouragingly, CARTHAGE 20 Mi. Before them a mechanic labored over their lustrous carmine roadster, which was suffering from engine trouble.

"Get jobs as waiters at a wedding! Waiters at a wedding!" Bluebell was repeating in a tone of pained exasperation.

Mallory reasoned with him amicably.

"Waiters—why not? We're broke, aren't

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we? Got two dollars and ninety-five cents between us after we pay this guy." He indicated the mechanic who pottered over their engine. "And we're three hundred miles from your uncle's ranch. If we spent every cent for gas we could stagger in there at an early hour tomorrow morning—foodless."

"Oh, no!" came pallidly from Bluebell.

"I tell you it's easy," Mallory went on reassuringly. "These folks—name of Bing—in Carthage—they're pulling a wedding tonight. I got letters to 'em from my uncle in Chicago—you know—James Mallory, at the Chicago State Bank. I won't show 'em the letters. I won't tell 'em I'm his nephew. I'll tell 'em"—he paused and went on inspired—"that we're old servitors of the Mallory family. That we acted as waiters at the wedding of Mr. Mallory's daughter! They do the social climbing stuff, see? They'll gulp it down." He subsided into languor. "It's almost too easy!"

Bluebell was fired to speech.

"Give me fifteen cents," he said with a fine show of firmness. "I'm going across the street to get a sandwich."

WHILE Bluebell was gone Mallory puffed at a cigarette. The idea of transforming themselves into waiters he found amusing, exhilarating. They must have money to get on westward. That had been their constant struggle — to push on west—but how?

The screen door of the restaurant across the street slammed and Bluebell plodded back through the dust, heavily disconsolate.

"They didn't have anything but ham sandwiches that looked eight years old," he reported. "I got some varnished apple pie." He sat down on the bench and cautiously drew an object from his pocket.

"Got a peach of a souvenir, though. It makes a set of six." He displayed a spoon and added it to a collection of others which he pulled from various pockets. He regarded them lovingly and wrapped the full half dozen in his handkerchief. Mallory glared. This habit of Bluebell's of souvenir grabbing had discommoded him before.

"Of course, they won't know who took it," he scorned. "You're probably the first person who's been in that restaurant since the Civil War."

At that moment there was a diversion. A low-slung, cream-colored roadster heaved to a stop before the garage. Out of it jumped, after various manipulations, a slim girl in green, whose hair was rosy, vivid red. Black lashed eyes were alluringly oblivious to Mallory's attention. She entered the garage.

"'S I was saying," remarked Mallory. He struggled for austerity. "'S I was saying"—it was hopeless—"Oh, I say, Bluebell, did you *see* that girl?"

Just then the girl came out of the doorway, a figure of spring green against the dark interior. She turned indecisively on her heel, stamped her foot several times, and whirled round to sit down on the garage bench opposite theirs. She burst into laughter, and at intervals ground her foot hard into the gravel.

Irresistibly impelled, Mallory slid to his six feet of height and approached her.

"Is there something wrong with your car—or—something?"

Her gray eyes, cool, with lights in them, swept his long body in baggy tweeds and his brown face of arranged impenetrability. He drew casually at a still smoldering cigarette, seeking to avoid importunateness. She smiled slightly, and he perceived with relief that he had been accepted.

The man inside the garage, she confided to him, was a hard-boiled old codfish. She had come off without her purse; and here she was out of gas and he wouldn't trust her! The angleworm! She stamped her foot once more.

"What would you do if you were me?" she said with a large measure of confidence residing in her smile.

"We're going in to Carthage soon. 'S my boat." Mallory indicated its crimson sheen.

AT this moment the mechanic emerged from what appeared to be his resting place under the car, rumpled his hair, and gleefully announced that they wouldn't be going in soon either—not any such thing—two hours at least before he'd get this bus done. Mallory mentally slit the creature in halves and boiled him in oil.

"I'm in a hurry," she said, with regret apparent that she might not ride in with him.

He was regretful, too, and, more than that—impoverished. But he could not fail her.

"We'll fix it up," he said. He turned and his voice bellowed into the recesses of the garage, magnificently, "Hey, fella, ten gallons o' gas for the lady, and make it snappy."

Her eyes in warm admiration were upon him, almost smothering his awareness that gas

He bobbed his head, and to polish his brow he removed the lavender handkerchief from his pocket—and the thing happened.

was twenty-seven cents and that he possessed two dollars and eighty cents.

The girl murmured a charming request for his address that she might return him the money. With a wave of his hand he dismissed the mere pecuniary obligation. He was seized with a fatal desire to impress her.

"Mallory McClain, care of the Chicago State Bank, will reach me," he said. It was the bank with which his uncle was associated. Then he added, "They sort of handle things for me. M' friend here and I are just tourin', you see—no permanent address now." He surveyed his knickered legs and inspiration grew.

"We're headed for northern Wyoming now—to look over some property one of us—er—has an interest in—a ranch." She was looking at him with respect. He hoped he hadn't put it on too thick, and summoned Bluebell

"M' friend, Mr. Brewster." Bluebell came with reluctance. It was his custom to accord girls a bare tolerance. He bobbed his head, and to polish his brow he removed the lavender handkerchief from his pocket—and the thing happened. Six teaspoons showered down to the dust of the road.

Six eyes regarded the spoons intently, as though they expected them to explode.

"How nice," said the girl brightly. "I hope you have knives and forks to match." Bluebell lost all semblance of self-control.

"Just little souvenirs," he babbled, "just little souvenirs of our—er—trip across——"

"Shut up," said Mallory in an awful aside. He turned to the lovely girl.

"My friend's little peculiarity——" He commenced with great dignity. "My friend's little peculiarity——" Fortunately at this moment the garage owner interrupted. His interruption, however, was not a happy one to Mallory, whose one remaining dime burned in his pocket.

"Will I give the lady some oil? She needs it bad."

After feminine fluctuation the girl arrived at the conclusion that her hurry was too great to bother about oil. On a wave of relief Mallory told her that if she lived in Carthage he might stop to look the town over, and with dark intensity of gaze managed to strike a spark from her eyes, quite cool before.

Suavely, he ignored her thanks. A name, "Rosemary Safely," slipped from her lips, and the suggestion that he might call to have his money returned. Jade and coral and eyes the color of gray sea water, she slid away from him and he stood still in the road looking at the dust whirled up by her vanishing automobile.

Bluebell, a figure of wrath, at length obliterated his view by blocking it squarely.

"Oh," he said. "You've done it now, you cuttlefish. You've given away our last cent. Why, we cannot do anything now but get jobs in Carthage."

Carthage—that was where she had said she lived. Carthage! He could stay there forever.

"Bluebell," he said with utter conviction. "Bluebell, that is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

II.

THREE hours later they were testing their plan in the hall of the Bing mansion in Carthage. A hastily summoned Mrs. Bing, her attention engaged by the mention of Mr. Mallory of Chicago, had listened to their fluent tale with growing interest.

"Men waiters?" she said finally, meditating. "Yes, very *distingué*. It's never been done in Carthage. But I've already engaged the Peebles sisters. People in Carthage always have the Peebles sisters."

"Oh, yes," said Mallory, haughtily. "Maids. For the kitchen, of course. But hardly correct for the serving. At the wedding of Mr. Mallory's daughter in Chicago there were—er—twenty men waiters standing about—in full evening attire!"

"Mercy," said Mrs. Bing with awe. "Twenty! Have you—er—full evening attire?"

"Certainly, madam."

That clinched it. "Very well," she said. "Be here by nine."

Mallory and Bluebell left the house, to return several hours later in their car, which they parked near the Bing home, in the interim having found a hotel and donned their "full evening attire." They were gnawed with hunger, but jubilant. The immediate future promised surreptitious food and five dollars each for the evening.

Serving proved less difficult than they had anticipated, and even Bluebell managed to preserve his equilibrium and his dignity.

It was all going smoothly—too smoothly, Mallory felt with a start. For Bluebell, his face portentous of doom, and very pink above a wilted collar, cornered him abruptly by the stairs.

"What's the matter, ol' fish?" Mallory was prepared to deal lightly with a matter of shattered glassware or disclosed identity.

Bluebell said, "You would hand her a bluff, would you? Tell her you had interests in a ranch and all. She'll have your interests spotted. She'll decide you were interested in the wedding presents, that's what."

Mallory felt as though the wall behind him was tilting crazily.

"What do you mean?" he asked, knowing only too well.

"She's here—your pink-haired friend!" And Bluebell, assuming the air of the head waiter at the Waldorf, departed.

Mallory felt as though his feet had turned to sawdust. Despairingly he murmured, "Oh, hell," and suddenly Rosemary cut across his vision, enrapturing in sea green tulle, her hair

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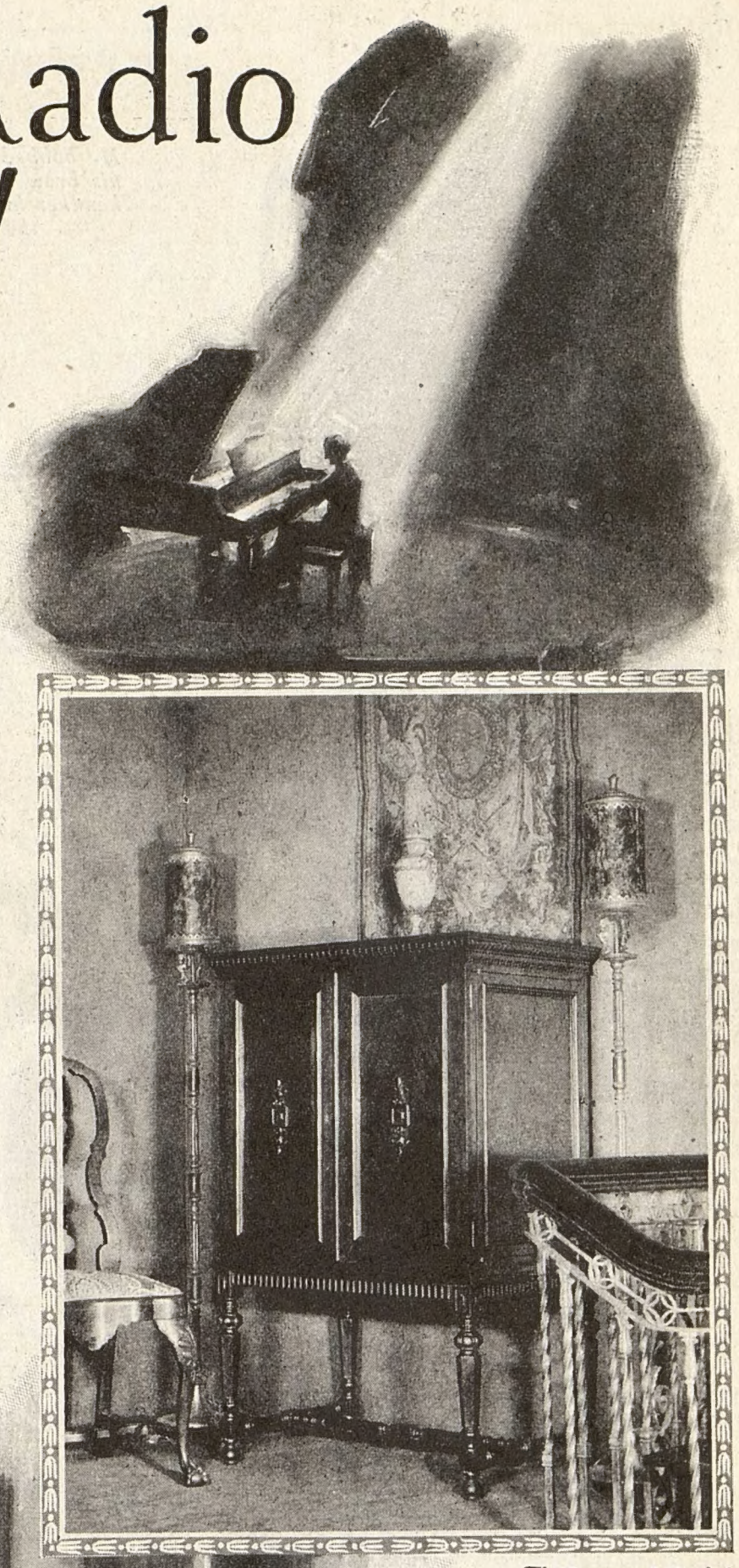
The Wonders of Radio now *Multiplied!*



Almost in a day this newest and most remarkable of musical instruments, the Brunswick Radiola, has changed all previous ideals of the musical and tonal possibilities of radio; of the ultimate in home entertainment. *What it is and does*—some remarkable features

YOU have certain ideas of radio, both from your own experiences and those of your friends. You have heard some wonderful things.

Now we ask you to multiply those ideas; to hear, if only for the sheer marvel of it, the instrument that critics, experts and musicians throughout the world have accounted the most important tonal achievement of years.

What it is

The name is the Brunswick Radiola—a phonograph and a radio in one—the superlative in phonographic reproduction with radio's greatest achievements, the Radiola receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America.

Designed and built as a unit by the Radio Corporation of America in collaboration with Brunswick, it embodies scores of features found in no other instrument in the world.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which in recent years has attracted virtually every famous artist of the New Hall of Fame to the Brunswick Phonograph, has been subsidized to do for radio that which it did for phonographic music. The result is a musical revelation.

Not a makeshift "combination"

It is in nowise comparable with so-called "combination" instruments (makeshifts, merely ordinary phonographs with radio installations), *but a scientifically combined unit*, marking the best that men know in radio and in music.

Already it is a world-commented acoustical marvel, revealing an almost unbelievable tonal quality and clarity, due to the scientific synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and two-purpose horn. *And it provides a compactness and simplicity of operation unknown before.*

All music at your command

At a turn of a lever you have ordinarily unexplorable mysteries of the air at your command. Another turn, and you have the world's outstanding phonograph to play your favorite records. Everything in radio, in music, in the most thrilling of home entertainment is at your command—instantly, beautifully, wonderfully.

Prices as low as $190

Some instruments embody the famous Radiola Super-Heterodyne; others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola 3 and 3A.

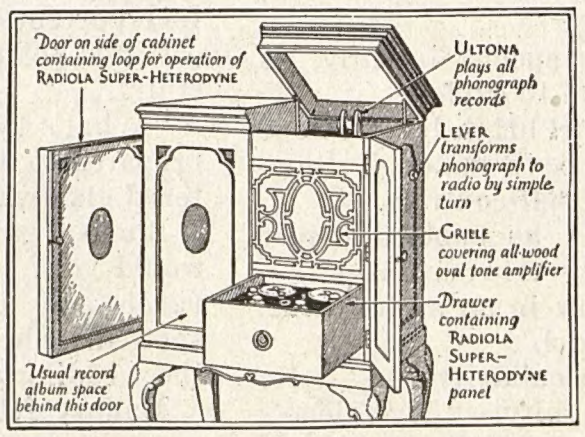
Prices are as low as $190. Your Brunswick dealer will explain how liberal terms of payment can be arranged.

The Brunswick Radiola No. 260

© B. B. C. Co. 1925

REMEMBER:

Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.



Some Remarkable Features

Gives radio a clarity, tonal and musical beauty beyond any present conceptions you may have.

Unites the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph with the outstanding achievements in radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Radiola Regenoflex and other receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America—*not a makeshift, but a scientifically combined unit.*

Brings amazing selectivity to big centers; offers those in smaller cities immediate touch with metropolitan musical, topical and educational events.

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDS · RADIOLAS

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Manufacturers—Established 1845

GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO

Branches in all principal cities

Clawing at him and kicking, Rosemary was in his arms. Fragrance of violets came from her hair and she clawed viciously at his right ear.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 9]

luminous in a room suddenly gone dim. Her eyes became rounds of surprise as they met his, and in his embarrassment he effaced himself through the pantry door.

He wilted in the butler's pantry and several moments passed in a wave over his unconscious head . . . by this time she had doubtless seen Bluebell. What would she think? Two men who dropped spoons from their pockets. And turn up in the evening as waiters at a wedding. Bluebell was right. She would think they were after the wedding presents.

"Let's duck," he said to Bluebell.

That person fixed him with a round and injured eye.

"Duck nothing. When I've about earned half of ten dollars. Go off and leave it sittin' here? How'd we eat? How'd we pay our hotel bill? Besides, I'm going to grab off half a roasted chicken I've located."

No, they couldn't duck. Their hotel bill would be unpaid. It had been Mallory's idea; now he had to carry it through.

A tray was put in his deadened hands and he walked out into a crazy world in which innocent little rugs skidded suddenly beneath his feet and hordes of hands waited for the food he presented.

Suddenly he became aware by a sixth sense that she was trying unobtrusively to waylay him. Meet her here, explain, among all these people! Never! It became a nightmare in which he fled, clutching a tray. Before the pantry door she faced him. Without a word she pressed something into his hand. Wadded one dollar bills—three of them.

It was a moment for explanations, rapidly poured forth. Then, as they stood hesitating there, a gust of wind caught the pantry door and swung it ajar.

It hung open for an instant only—but both of them saw——

Her gray eyes raked him, fire in their depths. "Oh," she said. "I see it all now—the spoons—everything. Lies!" She struck at him with her fan and sped by. This was the end. Come now the deluge.

For in that fleeting, vivid second they had seen Bluebell, with guilty expression, stowing a bulky wrapped parcel beneath his vest, satisfaction in his mien.

TO Rosemary, of course, it was the silver. How could she credit his conviction that Bluebell had merely made way with a fowl for later feasting.

He walked drearily into the pantry and threw a convenient plate on the floor. It's snarling crash rejoiced him. Bluebell he reduced to unexpected spluttering redness by saying crushingly:

"You look like you had a shoebox in your pocket—'s all."

The serving was practically finished. Mallory drifted away to the back porch and waited dully for whatever fate brought. Something would have to crash. He would wait for the ruin.

He looked up. Rosemary was at the door; a dejected, lowering Bluebell trundled in her wake.

"I think," she began, "that you are just terrible. And I am doing this only to give you a chance to reform. I've told Mrs. Bing—everything—and she's sent for the police. But I'm going to give you a chance to sneak away." She surveyed Mallory haughtily.

"If you'll give up — the loot — what your friend has under his vest there—I'll let you get away. If you won't, I'll scream." After a moment, "I hope you reform."

She leaned back against the door and looked at them with menacing eyes. Although shivering a little, she seemed immune to fear. This lovely thing thought they were sneak thieves. But she was helping them get away. Well, the discovery would be a bit humiliating when Bluebell hauled out that chicken. Explanations and a few lies—asinine lies—to be forgiven—then perhaps they could start again. Mallory drawled on a whiff of smoke:

"Well, I guess the game is up. Show the lady what you got, pard."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

Which wears the longer, a man's or a woman's stocking? If they are Phoenix-made of sturdy silk, that strongest and most beautiful of all wearable materials, the chances are that they will carry their owners over equally long miles, in elegance that lasts and with economy that startles. We make our hosiery of the finest silk, for men, women and children, because we must have a material of richest texture, combined with that remarkable wearability which has made Phoenix the standard hosiery of the world.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX
MADE RIGHT MILWAUKEE PRODUCT

WDT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

"I haven't anything under my vest," said Bluebell thickly.

"Sure you got something there. You just look like a reverse humpback, is all. Show what you got."

"I won't do it," came unaccountably from his friend.

"Now, see here, Bluebell, it's simple—just haul it out into the light of day, and we'll get this thing settled now."

Bluebell planted himself firmly and said with a queer gloom: "I won't show what I got under my vest—so that's all o' that."

Mallory found the world doing a strange whirl. Surely Bluebell was not this sensitive about a mere matter of food. He who had been known to consume whole pies in the presence of a lady friend as a mere between meal snack!

"You mean to say," asked Mallory on a note of apprehension, "that it's *not* that—Oh! —edible we were speaking of annexing?"

"That," said Bluebell. "That! I ate that long ago."

Mallory's mind raced.

"Look here, fella, you can't show what you got?"

"No; I can't show it." Misery was in his thick accents.

THE world around Mallory became a topsy-turvy place, in which something that started out as an absurdity had grown to horrible earnest. Something had gotten under Bluebell's vest that he couldn't show. Had he at last annexed a souvenir upon which they might eat——? It was a situation: visions of his excellent but severe parent rushed through his mind.

Rosemary stood proudly, silhouetted against the door so that the light made a flaming halo around her head.

Her voice tried to sound as though it were dropping on ice, but it had a gentler undercurrent. If he could only explain!

"Are you going to give that up, or aren't you?" she said.

"I can't." Bluebell was piteous, but dogged.

"Sure?" asked Mallory with absurd gentleness.

"Uh-huh! Sure." Bluebell's look pleaded for assistance.

Rosemary's voice could be heard saying, "I'll give you five—and then I'll scream."

Everything was rushing toward disaster. The sky was about to fall upon Bluebell, loyal comrade of his travels. Bluebell, caught in this net of circumstance! He must be helped.

Jail would be slimy and there would be dreadful things in the papers—"College Boys Held for Petty Larceny"—he would be disgraced before his father; Rosemary's scorn would never change to anything kinder. She must not scream.

"*One!*" He must divert this implacable girl.

"*Two!*"

"I assure you, my dear Miss Safely, that all this can be explained—very easily explained——"

"*Three.*"

Equanimity dropped from him. He babbled. "Please—Oh—please. It's all a joke, honest it is, just a joke, don't scream——"

"*Four.*"

The world was roaring. Bluebell was in collapse. She must not scream!

"*Fi*——"

"Start the car, old man!" shouted Mallory as his hand, tense and hard, closed over Rosemary's mouth. His arm crushed a froth of tulle. She struggled. Bluebell, heavy and lurching, plunged off into the night.

Clawing at him and kicking, Rosemary was in his arms. He was traversing a blackness of lawn, which gave way into disconcerting white patches of moonlight, bearing the burden of her easily. His feet dreaded betraying snares, and he picked his way carefully as he tried to subdue her struggling. Fragrance of violets came from her hair and she clawed viciously at his right ear. His hand clutched her mouth so tightly that he felt pain at hurting her. The ground deserted his feet suddenly and he did an absurd run down a little hill, fearing mishap at the bottom. Righting himself, he pursued his way in a world of stillness till near the back of the block he welcomed the purr of the motor.

An instant in the shadow, a swift rush to their car. The relief of resting this captured girl from tired arms on the seat. He panted to Bluebell:

"Get away—away—where it's quiet—so she can scream."

Their car fled through the empty streets of the little town. Mallory bound the girl's mouth and talked desperately.

"Don't be frightened. Please don't be frightened. I wouldn't hurt you for worlds. Only—I can't let Bluebell be caught in any jam. You see, don't you? Whatever he's done, we'll fix it up somehow. I'll make it right—you'll see—just have faith in me."

They reached a country road and turned off into the seclusion of the first quiet lane. They stopped. He resigned his ears to a scream which would puncture the air.

"Scream," he said, freeing her.

THEY stared, for nothing happened. Rosemary rubbed her mouth, and remarked with emphasis:

"I'm not the least bit afraid of you."

He drew a long breath, and gazed at her in amazement.

"Well," began Mallory, "we'll get this straightened out. If Bluebell's done anything dishonest——"

"Dishonest—huh——" Bluebell swelled with indignation. "Well, I like that. Dishonest—huh! Why, a man couldn't be arrested for taking what I got—not in a million years."

"Well, you poor prune," gasped Mallory. "You poor prune. Why did you let me in for all this, then, I'd like to know? What *have* you got?"

"Yes," said Rosemary in an awful voice, "and what did you let *me* in for all this for? I guess being kidnaped isn't a—trifle. Show us what you've got under your vest!"

The double attack shattered Bluebell's stand. He weakened, but gave one last snarl of protest.

"I guess a man doesn't need to reveal—everything!"

"Hand it over!"

Slowly, Bluebell drew forth a large object wrapped in a towel. Unwillingly, he removed the wrappings; with pain he presented it.

"There are some things," he said, "which ought to be sacred!"

It was a hand painted framed trio of photographs of Lorena Bing.

For a moment there was complete silence. Then the joint laughter of Mallory and Rosemary rent the night.

"Well, I guess," said Bluebell, looking trapped, suffused with the deadly shame of a scorner of women caught in his first approbation of the fairer sex, "I guess she's a darn pretty girl."

"Sure she is," comforted Mallory. "Darn pretty. It's not that I'm laughing at. Only—I got one, too."

From his pocket he drew a small picture of Rosemary. It had formerly reposed proudly on the Bing mantel. He regarded it with fondness.

"Galloping guinea pigs!" sighed Bluebell into the stillness.

THE night was beautiful around them, bathed with magic from the light of an ever larger moon. Mystery and enchantment whispered in the shivering of the trees. The witchery of it held them, and for a moment they remained silent, each with his own thoughts.

Finally Rosemary, after looking at her own photograph as though she saw it for the first time, said, in a far-away voice:

"I didn't really tell Mrs. Bing. I didn't want to hurt you. I just wanted you to get away without—without getting into any sort of a mess."

It was not necessary for Mallory to look at her with appreciation, for he was already doing so.

"You know," Bluebell announced, "I think I'll go back to the Bings'—and sort of settle things up—and maybe—er"—his eyes avoided them—"have a talk with Lorena. I'll tell the Bings that you're really the nephew of Mr. Mallory—and not his waiter—and all that. You might give me that letter you got to Mrs. Bing from your uncle, Mallory."

He started the motor and they ate up the white road rapidly.

They were at the Bing door—the front door this time. Bluebell departed.

"Don't go," said Mallory to Rosemary.

"Why did you do it all?" she asked. Here was a chance to impress her.

"It was a wager," he found himself saying. "A great deal was at stake."

Her gray eyes were so honest, gazing into his. He couldn't—he didn't want to start this way with Rosemary. He wanted to tell her the truth.

"Naw, Rosemary, it was this way. We were broke, see. We needed the ten dollars. Why, Rosemary, we haven't got any money of our own at all. We're just earning our own way——"

She did not seem stunned by this revelation, and he continued:

"Rosemary—if I'd get a job working for a farmer—and come into town every night—with about enough money to buy an ice cream—soda—if I'd do that, would you eat it with me, Rosemary, the soda, I mean?"

Dark eyelashes fluttered for a moment and then veiled her eyes as she said:

"Perhaps—perhaps—you couldn't even afford the soda."

. . . . .

Some two weeks later Mr. McClain sat and rubbed his chin, entrenched behind the desk of his office. Before him was a night letter from the Brewster of western Wyoming, who was Bluebell's uncle, as follows:

> Where are those two boys? Heard some time ago they were near. Not a word from them for over a fortnight. Have you any news?

And Mr. McClain gave something like a chuckle of pride when he sent the answer:

> No news good news. They have not wired for money.

THE END

SOME Hidden History About the South's Greatest Treasure—How It Affects Your Business, Guarantees Your Security, and Keeps Uncle Sam to the Fore in the Game of World Politics

COT

By HARPER

IN THE game of world politics and finance, as it is played today, "King Cotton" is the American ace—the ace of clubs in a game where clubs are always trumps.

A stuffed club, when it is stuffed with cotton, is a nifty big stick. To illustrate, here's a little story. It's about cotton, but it will avoid plantation melody and burnt cork, and sidestep as far as possible history and statistics. However, it can't get away from mules.

When the American army was getting ready for the smash through the Argonne, it needed mules, lots of mules, to drag its grub, gear, and guns across the shell-pocked ground that stalled steel and gasoline. American mules had to be brought across thousands of miles of submarine-infested water on ships needed for men and munitions. But in Spain there were hundreds of thousands of mules—smaller kinfolk of American mules, descended from the same original sires.

The problem was to get the mules through the mazes of Spanish red tape, drawn none the looser because of German influence in the peninsula.

Diplomacy's scissors were dull. Diplomats can't help being diplomatic. Somehow conventional diplomacy still is wedded to the traditions of an age in which international relations were largely an exchange of social amenities or asperities between royal families. Quite frequently the social brilliance of an ambassador's career is in the inverse ratio to his results as a go-getter for the country that hires him.

The social and official relations of an ambassador are not well adapted to a course of rude insistence upon a vulgar practical matter involving the export of long-eared animals, descended from fathers whose "characters are well-nigh perfect," but which have been the butt of the world's cheap wit for uncounted centuries. There's nothing romantic about the humble ass or his offspring. Why worry a charming old world court and foreign office?

However, there was at Washington a War Trade Board dealing in such crudities as lard, wheat, pig iron, oil, and cotton. Spain's industrial provinces contain many cotton mills dependent on American cotton.

Spanish bankers and business men, like their fellows in other lands, do not enjoy the sight of smokeless chimneys and bread lines forming on the right. There were some crackling cables from General Headquarters in France to Washington. Then some sizzling sentences to Spain. "No mules for us—no cotton for you," was their substance. The message went through the Spanish foreign office to the brain centers of Hispanic industry.

Spanish business spoke swiftly and decisively to Spanish politics. In the twinkling of an eye Spanish bureaucracy became a model of efficiency. Forgotten was *mañana* and *punctilio*. Export permits were passed out with no more formality and delay than tickets to a bullfight. Formerly they had been held up for months at a time. The

stuffed club did it. It was stuffed with cotton.

Spanish mules poured over the Pyrenees to learn a new language from American mule skinners. They delivered the explosives—made out of cotton partially produced by their American cousins in the furrows of the American South—which blasted out the machine gun nests in the path of the doughboys.

That is only one instance of how cotton has worked for America in war and peace. It is still working that way, more subtly but effectively, nevertheless, to overcome or offset enmities and envies in other nations. For that reason it is of vital interest to every American that the cotton-growing States last year, after great effort in the face of extra handicaps, succeeded again in producing a crop of sufficient size to maintain the American supremacy in the world's cotton market, thereby stopping a dangerous slump which had threatened our position.

The importance of cotton in world politics today is a consequence of the history that has made the world what it is. Its history since Columbus' time is largely written in the cotton market. Search for cotton fabrics, as well as spice and gold, opened the Americas and the Far East to white men. The demand of European women for cotton cloth in place of the heavy medieval wools and linen caused the greatest inventions which started the factory system, took industry out of the home, created capitalists, and changed the whole life of modern peoples.

IT was Europe's cotton hunger that enabled the United States to pay interest on billions we borrowed from Europe to build our cities, mills, and railroads.

This same cotton today gives the United States a powerful hold on the industrial system of nearly every nation that changes from an agricultural to a manufacturing life. Cotton was the first great factory industry from

Wide World Photo.

Adding to Uncle Sam's cotton empire. A scene in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, where irrigation has opened immense tracts for cultivating the all-important fiber.

TON

LEECH

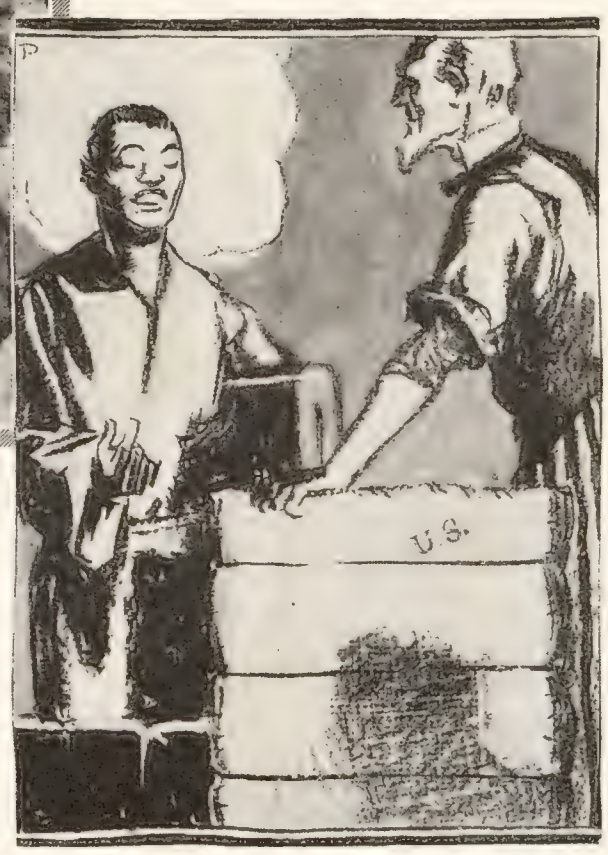
which the others drew their inspiration and much of their capital. As a rule, whenever any people grow tired of buying their manufactured goods from foreigners, the first thing they do is build cotton mills and order cotton from the United States.

The most dangerous enemy of the American people today is the little bug which eats up millions of bales of cotton every year before it is ripe and thus cramps prosperity at home and undermines our position abroad.

Cotton is a great pacifist up to a declaration of war, because war makes it difficult for many nations to obtain the staple, and that makes them think hard before striking a blow. But after the drop of the hat, cotton is a great fighter.

Cotton merchants in the South, up to ten years ago, used to wonder what the Germans were doing with all the "linters" they were buying. The "linters" are the short fibers next to the seed, unfit for spinning. Nowadays the chemists make "silk stockings" out of them, but that was not what the Germans wanted them for. Their chemists made something else.

One cotton buyer, however, early solved the mystery. Lifelong study of the cotton market and its ways with men had made him aware that its tiny fibers run all through war and peace, and if properly traced tell many a story. He noted on trips to Germany that great quantities of "linters" were going into storage at Hanover, as if in preparation for some future event. He noted a strange increase of taxation in Germany, which was sending foot-loose German savings into Swiss banks. He told the writer over a year before it happened that the Kaiser was going to war in the summer of 1914. That same study of the "cotton barometer" enabled him to predict within a month of the actual date when Italy would enter the conflict.



FOR every one hundred and fifty shots fired in a modern artillery battle, one bale of cotton or linters is required. In a naval action like that at Jutland, ten or twelve bales a minute are consumed by the big guns. Every time the Queen Elizabeth fired a broadside at the Dardanelles, she harvested half an Arkansas acre. Every torpedo launched by a submarine carried cotton chemically converted into carnage.

The 13,000,000 bales grown in the United States are powerful persuaders with nations that do not grow it. Of course, the chemists are clever and in a pinch can substitute many things for cotton. Explosives which are not required to burn slowly in a gun barrel to give a push rather than a shock are made of other substances. But there is nothing "just as good," and in war "the best is always the cheapest."

The German connoisseurs of chemical destruction thought so, anyhow, and the allies were not long finding it out. It is a safe bet that several general staffs and war colleges are not forgetting it a minute, and as long as the United States keeps its present grip on the world's cotton supplies it will have a certain measure of preparedness that the pacifists and politicians cannot undo.

WHILE cotton is still trumps, one of the great world plays now going on is an effort by other nations, especially Britain, to become independent of the United States by developing cotton culture elsewhere. In a way the frantic search for new cotton lands is akin to the world-wide scramble for oil. Of course, the main incentive in both cases is to get cheaper supplies than can be obtained from a high-wage country like ours, and to cut out the American profits.

Examination of the import and export statistics of the leading cotton-manufacturing countries, except cotton-producing lands like India and China, shows that America's cotton customers tend to become more independent of us for their supplies as their industrial "age" advances. The more recent converts to the factory system of industry are more dependent upon us than Britain, the mother land of modern manufacturing; but in India and China the growth of the factory system, which is displacing the home weaving that still consumes vast quantities of the native cotton, tends to tighten the American grip on the cotton industries of other nations. These oriental countries are not great exporters of manufactured goods, and the more of their own raw materials their new factories use, the less they have to sell to others.

The cotton relations of Britain and America are a fascinating chapter of the past and a problem of the present. The British Empire, as a great industrial and shipping web, may be said to have burst out of a cotton boll just about the time that the political bonds of Britain and America were broken; but almost immediately afterward the two nations were grappled together in finance and business by the invention of the spinning jenny in England and the cotton gin in America. The new ties linked Britain and the cotton-growing sections of the United States so closely that for a time they threatened the connection of the cotton States with the other members of the Union. That strain past, cotton became the strongest business link between the biggest republic and the biggest empire.

It is the tiny fibers of the cotton boll that bind Britain and America together on many world issues. From one point of view "hands across the sea," "blood is thicker than water," our "mother tongue," and even visits of the Prince of Wales to Long Island, may be considered secondary to the tensile strength of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

If a cattleman sold a Steer and they would let him weigh all the mortgages that was on the Steer with him, he would weigh 50 pounds heavier.

One Tenderloin Steak at a Hotel brings more than a Steer.

A quart of milk brings more than the Cow.

A Texas Long Horn brings $20 and one pair of Horn-rimmed glasses $25.

A Calf sells for $10 and its brains sell for $20.

The hide of a Cow brings $1 and one pair of shoes $18.

Two sacks of 'Bull' Durham is worth more than the Bull.

The only way to be in the Cattle Business, is just with a Picture of one.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

LOOKING at this Bull's picture here just reminds me of the Cattle Business of which I am still in, in a small way.

Stock on the Exchange in Wall Street was never higher, Stock on a Ranch was never lower.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

"strict middling" upland cotton. It is certainly true that the number of inches of rainfall in northern Texas in the spring will regulate the number of glasses of "'arf and 'arf" that many a British workingman will consume in the following autumn.

How Britain and America are still tied together by cotton ropes may be seen at a glance. John Bull runs some big and little shops supplying a general store for all the world, with ship delivery. He does some banking and insurance and has a small farm underlaid with coal, but he cannot grow enough on top of the ground to feed his family. He must sell manufactured goods or starve.

Roughly, he sells four billion dollars' worth every year, of which about one-fifth are cotton yarns and cloths, spun and woven from imported cotton. More than half of that cotton still comes from the United States. The moment John Bull fails to get American cotton he faces a slump of ten per cent.

BUT John is an old-timer in cotton and world power. He is getting away from us as fast as he can. Wherever the Union Jack flies over a warm, wet country he is planting cotton and building roads and railroads. He is encouraging South America to grow cotton, too. Americans have heard a great deal lately about Egypt and the Sudan. Read the dispatches this way: Let "Egypt" stand for "cotton," and "the Sudan" for the "lively hope for more cotton" from irrigation. There was a time when Britain bought half our yearly crop. Since the war its purchases have been as little as fourteen per cent.

Turning to the other side of the world, we find Japan the next most important player in the world game. Japan is new to the factory system in cotton and all else. A very large part of her newly won commerce is already based upon exports of cotton fabrics. Japan is buying more and more cotton and paying for it principally by sending us more and more real silk—we make the other kind out of our own cotton.

Japanese business, unlike British business, is becoming more closely bound to our own industries than ever before. As we are buying mostly luxuries from Japan, and the Japanese are buying from us things of vital importance to industrial and trade progress, it is a fair conclusion that Japan is becoming more dependent upon us for raw materials and especially cotton.

UNTIL the corking good crop of 1924, the trend of the figures showing a gradual decrease in the percentage of the world's cotton grown in the United States afforded a gloomy prospect of our future world position. Our slump in the production of the raw material was accompanied by an amazing growth of our own industries consuming cotton. Not only the textile mills but other industries, such as automobiles, movies, electrical equipment, r a d i o — in fact, nearly every business—were using more and more of it. With our crop being eaten up by the weevil in the fields and by our factories in the markets, our export capacity was between the jaws of an economic nutcracker.

But after a drop in production to only about half of the world's crop, we have rebounded in a single year to nearly two-thirds of it. We will hardly hold that position in the face of the fevered efforts of other countries to grow cotton, but for a long time to come every bale of cotton grown in the United States will be a most potent contribution to our prosperity in peace and security against war; and if war should come, cotton will prove a trump card in another game. Cotton is our first line of defense—in business, finance, and fight.

THE END

U. & U. Photo.

No more pickaninnies in the cotton fields! A crew of men now trundles out this overgrown vacuum-cleaner arrangement, applies the nozzles of the hoses to cotton bolls, and whisk! the fiber is reposing in the machine.

A ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD—The Strange Story of a Bowery Cinderella and a Beggar Who Lost Himself for Love

"The Fancy wants to see you, over in her rooms," she told him.

The Street *of the* Forgotten Men

By George Kibbe Turner

Pictures by Dudley G. Summers

THIS is a story of Adolphe the Disguiser, of the double life of a man he knew. And he has known a plenty of them. For that is in the line of his business, the disguising of men and women. But no case like this, exactly. For this was the double life of a dead man—a faked dead man—and the woman he gave up his life for.

He ran across him in Diamond Mike's old Dead House, the old-time hang-out for the professional beggars along the Bowery, back in those days when the begging graft was going big.

For at that time Adolphe was in charge of the back room there—the old Cripple Factory, as they called it, where they fitted out these phony cripples to go begging. And this man was a fake bandager, as they called them. And the name he went by was Easy Money Charlie.

It was easy money, too, those days in the begging game—fifty, a hundred, yes, up into the hundreds of dollars on good afternoons—one of the biggest, steadiest grafts in New York for a good line. And this Charlie was working the fake right arm with a black stocking over it—a better stunt than just the plain usual plaster of Paris stump that you wiggle under your coat on the shoulder.

And his age helped him—for he wasn't much more than a boy—and his face and his smile! It got the women in the shopping district, seeing how bravely this kid was suffering in back of his plaster arm.

THEN back again in the evening, with his forty or fifty dollars in change, and have his real arm underneath unstrapped by Adolphe in the Cripple Factory, and out into that hard bunch in the front room of the Dead House, and out through them to the sidewalk, staring off over the street—that Street of the Homeless Men, wondering what he'd do that night; whether he'd drink himself to death, or what.

But this night he was going through the front room, between the stained, brown-topped tables, where the panhandlers, the cheap beggars who work without any makeup, sat before their beer with the women in the last year's hats, with their sharp eyes and their quick smiles, anxious to please, because this was the last stop going down—here in this Dead House—before the river. And he was almost through when this fat one they called Dutch Dolly held him up.

"The Fancy wants to see you, over in her rooms," she told him.

"Who? Me?" he said back, sore. For he kept clear of the women; they weren't in his line.

"Yes, you," said the fat Dutch.

"What ails her?" he asked, still talking hostile.

"She's dying," she told him.

"And she wants to see me?" he asked her again, slow and wondering.

"Yes. Go on over, Easy—that's a good skate," she said, grabbing him by the elbow. "You'll find out what for when you get there." And he took the address finally, and went out over and saw this woman — this Portland Fancy, as they called her. For they said she originally drifted in there, following a sailor from Portland, Maine.

When he went up the dim stairway with the

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maroon painted sides and the ruts in the old stairs' treads, Easy Money Charlie turned to the left into this back room and found her waiting for him, propped up on some cheap fancy pillows—her hair just fresh curled, all dolled up in her best pink wrapper. And she didn't look so bad as you might have thought, for she was high-colored and bright-eyed, the way these "con" patients are when they get excited. And on the wall across from her, he noticed especially, there was a crucifix, along with some pictures that weren't so good.

And he took her hand, with the phony diamond on the engagement finger, and gave her one of his easy-going, quick-firing smiles. And told her to cheer up—she was going fine. For he saw she was about done. And then he sat down and asked her what he could do for her.

"It's the kid," she said, between coughs.

"I didn't know there was one," said Easy Money Charlie.

"Six years old. They put her in an institution and made a number of her," she said, in a dry, harsh voice, and stopped, coughing. "A number and not a kid," she said, going on. "And you know what becomes of the majority of them after they go through one of those institutions. I do, if you don't. I was a graduate."

"I know," said Easy Money.

"And you're a good, free-hearted guy, Easy," she said, looking up at him, where he sat still and stiff and wondering, waiting for what she was going to spring on him. "And you make big money. You've got a wonderful graft. Ain't you ever lonesome in this dirty hole here for something that really smiles when it sees you coming?"

"You might say so!" said the faker.

"Didn't they tell me you had a dog once, in your room?"

"He died. A truck got him," said Easy Money Charlie, still looking out the window.

And then she started up—tried to—from the fancy pillow with the cheap lace on it, her string of dollar pearls showing against her best pink wrapper, talking fast, in a hurry to get through.

"Take her, Charlie. For God's sake, will you?" she said, in a hoarse, high voice. "You're a good kid. You've got the coin. And you're the only man down here that ever gave a woman a good, clean, decent smile. You're my last chance. For there's no woman here to hand her over to, you know that. Take her, will you, Easy?" she said, grabbing him.

And he stared away from her—out the window into the dirty night—not knowing what to say to her.

"It'll cost you not much more than the dog. And it'll be a lot more satisfaction," she said, pleading. "And she's a nice-looking kid. You won't be ashamed of her."

"A girl!" he said, without thinking. "Are you crazy in the head?" And jumped to catch her when she started falling over sideways.

"Here. I'll do it. Sure. I'll do it!" said Easy Money, laying her back on her fancy pillow. For he thought she might be passing out right there before his eyes.

AT that, Fancy made him swear it, turning her eyes up for him to get the crucifix off the wall. For she couldn't speak, after that spell she had when he refused her. And he got it down for her, for he couldn't oppose her, naturally, at that stage of the game. And when he shook hands with her, starting to go out, she kissed his hand, which made it worse. For he kept seeing it afterward, that look she gave him.

"Whatever you do—whatever you do——" she said, stammering and hurrying, as if the devil was after her, "keep her out—don't let the Dead House get her. Don't let the Dead House swallow her up—like it did me. Like it did the rest of them!" she said, calling out their names—Sue, Annie, Polly. "Dead—worse than dead—walking in and out that Dead House!"

And he saw how it was—the fever was getting her; and that name was beating on her brain—that old name that the panhandlers gave their place, to keep their courage up, and have one more laugh, anyhow, at the last thing a man laughs at—himself and his own misery. He knew that was it, no doubt—her fever. But it made him crawl, hearing it, just the sound of her raving on.

So he promised her everything in sight, and unhitched her from his sleeve. And got out and hurried down and told the girl, who was waiting down on the pavement till he came out, to go along up there quick.

And the next night, when he was changed out of his beggar's gear, and was coming out in his regular clothes—always spick and span those days—from the Cripple Factory, another one, the one with the gold tooth they called Sunshine Annie, came to him in the Dead House, and he knew from her eyes the news she had.

"She was speaking of you," she said. "Calling out your name up to the last minute. Telling what you were going to do for her kid—send her straight—keep her out of this!" she said, looking around.

AND he stood there without answering. For he could hear her raving on—about the Dead House, and her kid. He stood looking around the place, at those beggars and their women, watching and thinking. For he knew there was more truth than poetry to that name. There were a half dozen he knew himself, that were supposed to be dead—the place was full of them, and the whole street; dead men and missing women—dead ones walking

THEY were fighting over this girl—the one to drag her down, destroy her; the other to keep her up out of the mire.

around, laughing, drinking, forgotten, by God and man.

"You're going through with it, ain't you—with her kid?" said the girl. "You wouldn't be the rat to lie to her, and her dying?"

"How would I," he said, "when I swore it on the crucifix?"

SO he got him a housekeeper, an old Irishwoman, as neat as a pin; and he hired a flat away up on the Heights, as far as possible from the Dead House and the Cripple Factory; and got the kid and put her and the old woman in it, and started trying it out—living like a human being once more.

"How arrives it, as far as you've come?" Adolphe asked him, taking off his fake arm for him in the evening that next week.

"Can you imagine it? A home—after this!" he said, sweeping his hand out in front toward the Dead House and the Street of the Forgotten Men, where they stand in the bluish-white electric light before the twenty-five-cent lodging houses, milling around on the sidewalk after supper, staring out across the street, with nobody knowing or caring whether they're alive or not. "It's just a plain case of resurrection from the dead."

"And how is the baby—the kid?"

"You ought to see her, Frenchie," he said, "now I've got her dolled up out of that blue-checked asylum dress, and her hair growing out—curly. She's a little queen!" he said, waving his free arm some more. "And she's going to stay one, don't fret! She's brought me back to life. And there's nothing I've got that she can't have. She's going to live like what she is—a little queen, a princess!

"She's going to have a real childhood—fairy tales and everything! That old Irishwoman I've got is filling her full of good old Irish fairy tales right now. I'm going to show her the best time a kid ever had. And if she wants trained white peacocks and cream-colored ponies with three tails she can have them. She's started out to be a child, not a number!"

"And then what—after she is a child no longer?" asked Adolphe, joking. "What will you do with her then, your fairy-tale princess?"

"Forget it. Now is now," said the beggar, looking ugly.

"No doubt at last you'll marry her!" said Adolphe, going on with his little joking.

"Shut up," said the faker, ugly. "You've got a mean mind."

"I only asked what was natural," said Adolphe back. And he wasn't the only one asking it, either, naturally.

So, then, to make a long story short, for a dozen years this Charlie went on with that double life, that long masquerade of his, between that new home he had fallen into that crazy way and the Street of the Homeless Men and the Dead House down below; and the Avenue of the Women, the high-toned shopping district, where he got his living mostly.

Every morning he left about the time a man would start for business, and every night he would come home again—and nobody the wiser. And all the time he was showing her the best time a kid ever had—building up from the beginning, wiping out all the memory of everything that she really was; making her a kind of princess—or his idea of one, at least. For, like the rest of the big grafters, money flowed away from him like water, as easy as it came. And it was still coming pretty easy then, though not so easy as it had been once.

So year after year he kept her, playing around with her himself, keeping her off the streets, keeping her a kid as long as possible, putting off answering that question which everybody was always putting up: What was going to happen to her when she grew up?

II.

WHEN it came finally, it came with a bump. There were three or four of them sitting there in the Cripple Factory with Adolphe, as they did sometimes in the late afternoons—Humpy Johnson, the fake humpback; Blinn, the throw-out, he of the flexible joints; Legless Law, the biggest money maker in the game; and Bridgeport White-eye, the fake blind man—this last one a kind of enemy and rival of Easy Money Charlie and a sorehead generally. For his eyes were giving out finally from rolling them back up under his lids—the way they

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do from working that trick after a while; and he had had to come down to smoked glasses and a sign, which had cut in half the money he took in.

"Who was that little queen I saw you stepping out with on the avenue this morning?" asked the White-eye. For Charlie had been taking a morning off, going shopping with her, helping her pick out some more expensive dresses.

He didn't answer anything—just stared back, still and ugly.

"So that's the one you're raising for yourself?" said the White-eye, taking his answer from his face. "Quite a kid. I guess I'll raise me one. I like them young, too," giving Easy the leer.

And the next minute they all thought they were going to see a beggars' free-for-all—the real thing. For a mixup in the Dead House was the rawest thing, always, in the Street of Forgotten Men. They fought there with everything they had—all over the floor, like dogs; nothing barred, without interference or mercy—sore, they claimed, from being looked down on and despised and pitied all day.

They had been waiting for these two to get at it. And they were well matched. For, though White-eye had forty pounds the better of it, yet he was soft and flabby, and the other man, they said, was quite a scientific fighter.

Easy did his share, anyway. He had the blind faker by the throat in a minute. But the blind faker quit and hollered right away.

"Don't, for God's sake, Charlie!" he croaked, his lard-colored face turning almost as red as his little red eyelids. "I didn't mean anything. Easy! Easy! I can't fight!"

"Why not, you fat oyster?" said the other beggar, shaking him.

"It's my eyes. Don't! Don't! The doctor says that anything—any blow might get me—strike me blind. Honest to God, he did," he said. "And I apologize, Charlie. I get down and roll over!"

"That's a new one," said the fake bandager, giving him a last shake, and letting him loose. And the crowd of panhandlers that had piled in from the front room of the Dead House set up a howl, seeing how scared he was. For he actually shook all over like a jelly.

WHEN he and all the rest of them were gone out of the Cripple Factory, except Adolphe and this Charlie, the beggar still stood there, staring as if somebody had just cracked him over the skull.

"She's a kid no longer. I've got to start her on her next step,"

"What step is that?" said Adolphe. "But I can guess, no doubt. You will marry her."

"Are you all crazy?" he said back. "Or just low minded?"

"Why not? You are not so old yourself. Why not, if you should care—if you should love her?" said Adolphe, and stopped short, for the faker had him by the collar, looking down into his eyes with the look of a crazy man.

"If I should care!" he said. "If I should care! I'd kill her first, and be done with it, before I'd hitch her to this and me. That's how much I care. No; I've got different plans for her than me or the Dead House, if I can only put them through."

"What are those?" Adolphe asked him.

He smiled a little now—the kind of crooked smile he had when he was joking.

"As long as I can't kill her, I guess I'll have to pass away myself," he said.

"Pass away!" said Adolphe, getting excited. "You mean you would die—kill yourself?"

"Not entirely. No," he said, still with that crooked smile.

"Die—yet not entirely! What is this?" asked Adolphe, confused.

"You'll see that later," he said, leaving him now.

AND he did—about a month later. Adolphe was sitting in the Cripple Factory when the beggar came back in, smiling that curious, comical smile that he kept on his face so much after that.

"Meet the dead man," he said to Adolphe, holding out his hand.

"Who? What?" said Adolphe.

"Me. I died, as I said I would. My death took place two weeks ago, at sea, on a small steamer," he said, explaining. "So they had to bury me, right there in midocean. My lawyer just got the word."

"Your lawyer!" said Adolphe.

"Sure. I died right, under a lawyer's orders. So it will be all legal."

"But—but where is the girl?" asked Adolphe, stammering.

"She's on her way—out of all this! To be somebody. He's got her—my lawyer, my executor—into a big, swell finishing school, with the best and richest girls in the country. That's what a lawyer's for; they can pull the strings you can't, if you've got their price."

"A school of finishing! What, then, does it finish?" Adolphe asked.

"Girls—for marriage—and high society!"

"For marriage! For society!" Adolphe said after him.

"Sure," he said, with his crooked, joshing smile again; and went on and told him this scheme he had been working on for all these years, to get her in among these millionaires—meeting them, getting into their houses, marrying, through this school.

"Did you ever see what these young millionaires have to choose from among their own crowd—the scenery that steps out of the limousines on the avenue? That's why they break away so much and marry actresses, isn't it? All right, then; suppose you can bring one like her—a real looker—right in with them! There's only one answer, as far as I can see. And there's a big boys' college, too, just over in the next town from this school. I'm giving her all the chances."

"But how, then, will she live with all those wealthy others you describe to me?" Adolphe asked him next.

"From my estate—naturally," he said, smiling once more. "My fortune that I'm leaving her—now I'm stepping out of her way."

"Your estate! Your fortune! What, then is this?" said Adolphe.

"That's me," he told him, and went on and explained the entire scheme. "I can earn it, can't I? And the lawyer can pay it out to her, as the income from my estate. You can get a lawyer in New York for most anything. And I've got one of the trickiest in the business. And I've got the graft—about the only graft in New York that will stand up to that today. But believe me, Frenchie, what I've got to put up for her now is enough to bring the sweat out on the brow of any honest dead man. To say nothing of the way the old graft is going now!"

Meanwhile this Charlie, the fake bandager, or the dead man, as he always called himself now to Adolphe, kept going, making pretty fair money still—working the women in the shopping district.

"But it keeps me hustling," he said, grinning that crooked grin, "keeping up the income from my estate—feeding her the money to travel up in line with these girls from these big, rich families. For she's going in great shape now, just as I knew she would. It's enough to make a dead man laugh," he said, "to see the places she goes, the big houses she goes around to from that school, popular all over, as she would be! And they can't keep that boys' college down the road going—the place is deserted since they saw her."

"She will be married soon, no doubt," said Adolphe.

"She will if any number of them can make her," he told him.

"And you will then be glad?" Adolphe asked him.

"Why wouldn't I be?" he came back, sharp.

"Why not? Why not, unless you might wish yet to marry her yourself. For you are young yet," said Adolphe, smiling, and stopping when he saw his face.

"Will you stop singing that song—or will I kill you?" he said, looking black and ugly—and then smiling again when he saw how he had Adolphe scared. "I'm no Indian giver. It's no gentleman, Frenchie, that would give his life for a lady and take it back again. And there's nothing she can't have from me—and never was—don't forget that—not even a husband."

And then, an evening or two after that, he came in with his face all lighted up, for he had seen her on the avenue, laughing and enjoying herself "with the rest of the millionaires!" he said. "But in mourning for me," he went on after a minute. "In kind of half-mourning for me! What do you think of that?"

"Should she not know you, perhaps," said Adolphe, "seeing you? Is there not some danger there?"

"Would you think so, looking at me?" he said. "Even if I was out of my makeup?"

And Adolphe said nothing. For he was a different man entirely—twenty years older since he had left her and fallen back, another dead man in the Dead House, as he called himself.

"That isn't the danger now," he said.

"What is?" Adolphe asked him.

"That somebody might get after her—from down here. Hitch her back some way to this!"

"How would they? Who would know her?"

"That fat worm—that White-eye might, maybe," he answered. "If his eyes are not too far gone to recognize her. I'm keeping my eye on that bird. I'm a little leary of the way he's acting lately. He's ripe and ready for anything today, the way things are moving with him now; you know that!" And Adolphe nodded back at him.

III.

THE world was getting better, and the grafters sorer and uglier and more desperate every day. They were out after the big beggars strong now—driving them, hounding them off the streets. Even real cripples—like Legless Law, the biggest in the game—were getting cut down to almost nothing—not over ten or twenty dollars a day. And fake bandagers like Easy Money Charlie had to keep on the jump to keep out of jail—to say nothing of the cash he had to dig up somehow now for this girl to spend—through this phony estate.

And for plain fake blind men like Bridgeport White-eye, with nothing more than smoked glasses and a sign to guarantee him, the thing was getting hopeless; to say nothing of the fact—as Adolphe and this Charlie both figured out now—that he might really be losing his sight, finally—after all those years of that fak-

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ing—rolling his eyeballs up under his eyelids, straining them.

And right after that this Charlie came in one evening, all excited.

"I had it right," he said. "He's after her!"

"Who?"

"The White-eye. He's been nosing around that school! I ran across his trail up there. I'd been suspecting this—his starting out to get her. But before he does!" he said, and stopped.

"What then?" asked Adolphe, prompting him finally.

"Do you think I'll let him get to her now? To blackmail her—and tell her everything! And drag her down, without a doubt, into the graft—before's he's through! Hitch her back, and drag her back, maybe, into this Dead House where her mother was. I'll kill him first!" he said, excited.

"How could you?" Adolphe asked him.

"Why couldn't I?"

"Then what of her? What of your estate? What would she live on—if you killed him—and they got you for it?" asked Adolphe, arguing.

"That's it," he said. "If it hadn't been for that; if she was safe and married, he'd have been lying with his fat paws crossed upon his chest long ago."

"Listen, then. Be calm," said Adolphe. "Let us think. It cannot be so bad as yet."

"Why not?"

"Or else you would have heard of him by now. He has found the school, perhaps. But what else does he know? Would he know her name?"

"No. You don't know that. Nor anyone here but me."

"No," said Adolphe. "Nor do I think now that he could tell her by sight—with his eyes as they go now—and the few past times he may have seen her out with you. So how can he act—choose her out—among so many? You see? Let us wait, then. Watch him."

SO he did, finally trailing the blind faker, watching him, keeping track of all his movements. And no doubt he would have found him going up there again finally, and jumped him and maybe killed him, only in a day or two this new last turn came up. For one evening the fake bandager came back into the Cripple Factory, his face lit up now like a Chinese lantern.

"It's come out all right, after all! Everything's worked out, all right!" he said.

"What has?" asked Adolphe.

"She'll be married," he almost shouted, "this next week. I've worked it. I've pulled her through."

"Married? How? To whom?" said Adolphe, motioning to keep down his voice, for, although they were alone now, you could never tell who might be drifting in.

So he talked down low again, and told him all about it. And it seemed his calculations had been right—the competition was pretty small in that rich crowd of girls in the marriage game; and a girl of her looks was chased and hunted by the swells, until finally she was going to marry one—a brother of one of the girls at school, a millionaire easy.

"She's landed now, for life," said the fake bandager, all excited. "She's a little queen, a princess—and she'll be one now forever!" he said. "And now it's up to me to go out and finish up my job."

"What job?"

"I'm going to get that White-eye, for luck. Just so as to be sure."

"Wait," said Adolphe, holding him off. "I wouldn't start—not yet."

And then he told him what he had heard just lately, that this White-eye was out, laying in wait to get this man himself, when he could get him right.

"Yes. He's just that kind of a rat!" the beggar told him, sneering.

He had hardly finished saying it when they both looked up, and saw the phony blind man looking down at them, with his little red eyes, from the doorway. He stood there for a minute, eyeing them, and after a minute or so more he went over to the bar and got a drink. And then came back, and into the Cripple Factory with them.

AND Adolphe saw that he had been firing up considerably before. He didn't like White-eye's looks. He stood there with his white face and red eyes, like a great hog still, but one that had been driven into a corner and was set, fighting for its life. And he looked down then, and his face stiffened and his eyes grew redder yet. And Adolphe, looking down with him, saw what it was he had seen. For the fake bandager still stood there, just as he had come in, with his right arm strapped down under his fake one, and just one arm free to fight with.

So, sure of that now, the big one stepped over to the other, and looked him up and down.

"Listen," he said, his voice thick and ugly from the drink. "Am I in on this?"

"On what?" said the fake bandager, standing still, with murder in his eyes.

"On this big new graft of yours."

"What graft?"

"On this kid of yours. This plant you've put up at that school, hunting millionaires. Come across now. No bull. I'm all posted up. I've been listening in on you in here—for weeks now!"

"If you know so much, why haven't you done something?" asked the fake bandager, standing up to him, sneering; forgetting, evidently, all about his having but one arm to fight with.

And at that the other man became excited, giving himself dead away, proving Adolphe's idea that he had gone as far as he could alone—that he was up against it. And then he jumped for Charlie, grabbing him by his throat. "Her name! Give me her name. Will you give it to me? Or will I choke it out of you?" he shouted, and started clamping down on his throat.

So Adolphe saw that they were at it, at last; and that he had a murder on his hands, probably, before those two got through. And of all the strange things he had seen in this crazy Street of the Forgotten Men, this was the craziest. They were fighting over this girl—the one to drag her down, destroy her; the other to keep her up out of the mire; fighting like mad dogs to kill one another for this girl, who did not even know there were two such men alive or such a place as this Dead House, where they were tearing each other to pieces over her.

"Fight! Fight!" yelled somebody in the front room. And they all came piling in, all the panhandlers and their women—grafters out of luck, spoiling, starving for a good old-time beggars' fight.

Whang! The two were on the floor together. For the smaller man, the more scientific fighter, had tripped the other, using what he had to fight with, naturally—his feet.

"Atta boy. Easy! Kill him! Kill him!" yelled the beggars and their women, shouting crazy with their hunger after pain and cruelty, fed up with bad luck and begging, all the day long crawling the cold sidewalks, whining to be pitied and despised. And then nothing from it, those lean times, but moving on because a cop was coming.

"Choke him, White-eye. Hang his tongue out!" yelled one side. "The boots, Charlie! The boots!" the others howled.

For, of course, now—if he was going to save himself, to pry himself loose—the fake bandager, with his right arm still tied down, would have to do his fighting with what he had—his feet and legs. But could he? Could he pry him off in time?

"He's got him! He's got him!" called the yelling beggars, crazy with pleasure and excitement, craning forward from the circle they had made around them—panhandlers and fake sailors, throw-outs, high-heels, soap eaters, fit throwers, floppers, and fake bandagers—cheap beggars and good grafters all together. And on one of the old round tables a woman in a last year's hat, an old timer, was stamping with split yellow satin slippers, screaming, wild with joy.

For the big boy was killing Charlie now, it looked like—choking him, cursing him, saying to him in a low, husky voice where he had him in between his knees, "Will you give it to me now—her name? Or do I croak you?"

And the one underneath shook his head again, and the one on top clamped down. And the feet were up again; and they were all over the floor once more, like dogs, with the big dog on top—still with the throat grip that could not be shaken off.

"The boots. The boots, Charlie! Give him the boots!" his crowd kept yelling. For he was fighting with his feet and legs, prying, reaching up; trying, some claimed now, to clamp on what they call the scissors hold, with the legs around the waist, the clutch that pops their eyes out like marbles when a good man once sets it right.

"Hey! Clamp it. Clamp it down! Mash him!" yelled the beggars—yelled, and stopped off short, astonished!

For the phony blind man—though the other had not really set his hold yet—had quit now, all of a sudden—groveling, pawing, pushing the fake bandager away; and then bawling out, a hoarse, loud kind of bellow, louder than the yelling beggars:

"Stop. Stop. Easy. For the love of God, Easy, stop!" they heard him howl. "It's come. It's come!"

FOR the minute the other beggar on the floor beside him, hearing that voice, held back, breathing, choking, waiting, stiff and astonished—while the other man pushed up first one red eyelid and then the other, and peered forward. And then called out again to the silent beggars in that horrible, husky, frightened voice:

"I'm blind. I'm blind. I'm blind!"

And the other man drew away from him where he fell, face forward, on the black floor, blubbering. But the beggars around them all started laughing, shouting, and howling at him.

"Arrrr!" said the beggars, laughing fit to split. For that was a likely tale—a hell of a way to quit!

"Arrrr!" they yelled, and stopped—looking behind them. For somebody was working in from the edges. And then a cop showed up—a young cop.

"What's going on here?" he asked. And they told him.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he said, and got up White-eye, the big one, who was still wallowing on the floor, weeping.

"Stand up," he said. "Let's look at you. A blind man, huh? A blind beggar hollering be-

He had seen her on the avenue, laughing and enjoying herself "with the rest of the millionaires!"

cause he's blind? That's a new one," he said, and laughed.

"And who's the other one?" he asked. And they told him.

"A one-armed man—fighting a blind man!" he said, with a comical look. "And what were they fighting about?"

"A woman—something about a woman's name!" said the beggars.

"Can you beat that! In the world?" said the comical young cop. It struck him so funny that it made him go easy with them.

"What would you do?" he said to them. "If I let you go?"

"I'll take him home—if he wants me to," said the one-armed man, speaking up finally—working anything, probably, to get loose. "Our quarreling is done—forever. I'll take him home."

"Yes. And kill him on the way!" said the cop.

"Why should I kill him?" he said again. "He can't do me any harm now—for life. He's stone-blind!"

"Will you trust him?" said the young cop to the blind man. The latter bowed his head finally that he would, unable to speak yet—dead to everything but what had just happened to him.

"Is it far?" the young cop asked him.

And they told him no. Just up the street.

"Well, take him along," said the young cop. "And I'll be following, watching after you."

"Cracked! The half of them are cracked down here in this dead-and-alive hole," he said, looking after them, twirling his club. "And with more than one, let me tell you, there's a woman back of it," he said to himself again, and shook his head, getting a last glimpse of them as they passed, all friendly and peaceable, down the Street of the Forgotten Men—the small one keeping the big one going; and turned finally to go up into the blind man's lodging house.

"Cracked over some woman!" he said, shaking his head once more and moving on when he saw no more of them. "Like all the rest of us!"

But as for the woman they were fighting over—these beggars, these two dead men from the Dead House—she never yet—so Adolphe says—has learned that there were such men in the world, nor such a place as they fought over her in—the one to save and the other to ruin her.

She was married long ago to her millionaire. And if she ever even thinks of the Street of the Forgotten Men—which this man who saved her still goes muttering down—it is only in the amusing, comical words of an old, half-remembered song.

Another story of the underworld and its strange life, by George Kibbe Turner, will appear in an early issue.

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Alice Roosevelt Longworth today.

Alice Roosevelt LONGWORTH

A Lady *of* Quality

An Intimate Pen Picture of the Daughter of the Late T. R., Who Is One of the Least Known, but Most Talked About, Women in America

By ANNE HARD

NO ONE should write about Alice Longworth but Alice Longworth. It may be true that no one fully understands another, and that few understand themselves. Alice Longworth does both. And it is unquestionably true few can measure her personality, and that all are tempted to try. She is (in human terms) an elemental thing, like those greater hills and sunsets that lure the painter to seize his palette and then tantalize him into throwing it away.

The moralist takes his yardstick and attempts to measure her and shakes his head. The poet finds she will fit into no rhyme. No woman should attempt it, because Alice Longworth shuts women away; and no man should attempt it, because every man is bewildered by her. Every now and then it is attempted.

She is the frequent subject of the easy journalist because hers is the name of the names of all women in America best known to most newspaper readers. Why?

She has never done a single act of any public importance. She has avoided publicity as hard as she could. She has led the typical life of the typical woman of her class—a class in which the public has less than no concern and which deserves at the hands of the rest of us not even the consideration of a passing thought. Are we interested in her because she is the daughter of a President? Many Presidents have had daughters and other female relatives whom the busy political press agent has worked hard to make into copy. Are we interested in her because she is the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt?

That is, perhaps, the answer in full. Because she is the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt not merely in the flesh but in the spirit. Theodore Roosevelt had other offspring, but Alice is his child. Something of that phenomenal and transcendent personality she inherited, something of that quality which, with no effort on the part of its owner, makes everyone inevitably aware of its existence.

When she was a young girl, during her father's ascendancy, she was called "Princess Alice." No other President's daughter was ever so named. The title came from the suppressed romanticism of the American people. It came from some amused, perhaps reluctant, recognition of the fact that hers were all those perverse but compelling qualities which a princess is supposed to own and so seldom actually possesses.

ONE who is asked to become the biographer of Alice Longworth will at once realize that she has no biography. She has no biography because she has chosen to have none. Hers is the "Born: Lived: Died:" of the mossy headstone which for a moment marks a momentary life and leaves the passerby to guess at tragedy, at happiness, at fulfillment—a life with no accomplishment, however accomplished.

It is so because she has willed it to be. If she had willed it otherwise, it would have been otherwise. For there is no doubt about her will power.

One look at her face will achieve that opinion. Beneath that pale and even skin there are no flabby muscles, no weak, undetermined mold. The clear, large light blue eyes under the ash blonde hair look at you directly—when they are not a blur of light behind her infectious, always ready laughter. The mouth, with its beautiful white teeth, is at once firm and flexible and not too small.

That face, like every other thing about her, will do its owner's bidding. It becomes a mask betraying no emotion, not even of interest, when Mrs. Longworth, wife of the Republican leader of the House, sits in the gallery and watches, with a singular penetration of the hidden meaning of every word and move, the evolutions of the legislative game on the floor below. It is a mask when strangers are about whose curious eyes are turned in her direction.

But let its owner sit at ease with her friends by her own fireside, and that face becomes animated, changing, expressive. It becomes expressive of laughter and humor—of irony, sometimes of cruelty, often of intense intellectual delight; never of tenderness or pathos.

It is the face of one who joys in strength and vigor and force and power; not the face of one who has sympathy for weakness or understanding of defeat.

We begin then at this moment to realize why the moralist with his yardstick (to whom I alluded a moment ago) goes away bewildered, unable to measure this personality. Your moralist of today is, after all, essentially a social reformer. His translation of *noblesse oblige* is "service." The crime of smart society is (in his eyes) not gambling, drinking, and riotous living, but lack of occupation. He cares not so much how the rich spend their money as how they spend their time. Nor does he ask how much money they have, but rather whence they derived it. And our American smart set manages pretty well to keep out of extensive contact with the social moralist, so that it is left to ministers of its own fashionable churches to tell it how it shall go.

BUT here we find a scion of an old family yanked visibly from its rootage in the quiet soil of the ultrasmart and, by the fortuitous circumstance that its papa had elements of great popularity, set down where the strong lights shone on it and the great microscope of the social reformer was obliged to take a look.

It takes a look, and the picture does not fit into any known pattern. It does not fit largely because we are reproducing the personalities of ancient civilization without producing the pigeonholes into which to fit them.

It would have been the easiest thing in the world for Alice Longworth to have become the national president of the Association for This and That; to have given her name to noble causes, and to have appeared prominently at international conferences for wonderful ideas. About two years of that sort of thing, and the dear sheep of America would have been following her over any political fence she cared to take. Indeed, there are many who believe that Mrs. Longworth can be Senator any time she likes without any such acclaim.

She has achieved a totally unearned—although not undeserved—reputation for political wisdom, as if she'd had investments of it

Paul Thompson Photo.

"PRINCESS ALICE" in the early days of her marriage to Nicholas Longworth. She is shown climbing into an old-fashioned rig after one of her long morning walks in the suburbs of Cincinnati.

rolling up their interest while she was driving from her home in N Street to the Capitol every day, too amused watching other people to stop and clip her own coupons.

I say it would have been the easiest thing in the world for her to be an acknowledged "leader." But I said the exact opposite of the truth. It would be the hardest thing in the world for her because it would be most unlike herself.

The truth is that if Alice Longworth had been born a few centuries ago and had inherited her rule, had been obliged by the natural course of events to spend her time in governing, she would have been one of the most delightful of monarchs.

She would have made one with Elizabeth and the Catherines—and even the "Off-with-his-head!" lady of *Wonderland*—though hardly with Victoria.

BUT the old U. S. A. does not provide for women of that kind. We have no appropriate niche for them. We demand that our ladies shall work their way up. What to do, then, for a mind that must have been born old, a mind that was born a little bored with the futilities of the commonplace and impatient with the slowness of the ordinary?

Add to this fact that this mind, so quick, so impatient, delighting in reality and eager for new experience, has not one trace of the artist mind in it. For the artist can take the lowest and humblest mud and make of it material for an enduring statue. Mrs. Longworth has learned—very largely from her husband—to appreciate music. Music is the art of the emotions. Mrs. Longworth has the appreciation of plastic and form that is usual with the cultivated.

Plastic and form are arts of the intellect. It is in literature, in poetry and prose, that Mrs. Longworth is at home—a connoisseur both by nature and by cultivation. Literature is the art of humanity. Mrs. Longworth understands both literature and humanity. She is quickly attracted by both, and she is quickly bored by both. She rushes through a whole book in a moment, and she disposes of a new person in a glance. She will cull from a book its cleverest lines—and remember them—and cast the book aside and find its successor. She will extract from a man his best—perhaps his one—idea and remember it and forget the man.

Measured in terms of women in Washington, time has been moving very fast since the days when it was a matter of surprise that a woman who had no "cause" to work for should be interested to float about the lobbies and the galleries of Congress and listen in at important committee hearings. Mrs. Longworth's presence in the gallery, being one of her few public deeds, is always commented on by newspaper correspondents. What they should note is her absences. For at those times it is a pretty good guess that nothing exciting is going to happen.

Much is made of her interest in some public personage. What is more natural than that? Every woman makes of her life what she can with the material that happens to be at hand. If the course of politics brings forth some interesting personality in the Upper Chamber, what more commonplace than that Alice Longworth should find him amusing or that he should be flattered by her interest? Some acquaintance with the usual dull round of women of official Washington ought to explain it for both of them.

And she knows what she is doing. She knows it better than anyone else and all the time. There will never be the makings of a scandal for any reporter in this material. Indoor product of an old family and generations of civilization though she be, there is nothing effete about this lady. She travels, she has always traveled, with a hard, flea-bitten set. She is intellectually hard riding. She is never soft.

That lithe and fine body of hers is, just as her face is, subdued to the uses of her comic spirit. She loves to antic with both of them for her friends. That terrible drawing room half hour after dinner, while the men are still lingering in the dining room, is often enlivened with her imitations of walking bears or of Eddie Foy or another person in the public eye. And the subtlest "vamp" in town is reduced to stodgy spectatorship by her out-Barrymoring Barrymore.

People constantly ask whether Mrs. Longworth is useful in her husband's career.

Washington is familiar with two sorts of dutiful political wives. One of these is the dutiful wife of the politician. The other is the dutiful wife of the statesman. That is, one is the dutiful wife of the Member of Congress, the somewhat obscure Senator, the Assistant Secretary. The other is the dutiful wife of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Refreshment time and the sociability of thirst — Such is the charm of purity at home —

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Congressional leader, important Senator, Cabinet Member.

Washington has seen the one dutifully call upon the members of the State delegation, dutifully turn on her smile at every introduction from the old home State, dutifully attend the weekly meetings of the Congressional Club, and Washington suspects the hundreds of dutiful memberships on committees and contributions to local charities in the old home State.

Washington has seen the second kind of dutiful wife dutifully standing with a sort of cold-storage smile upon her marceled visage, dutifully going through with "days at home." There she stands shaking hands with dutifully calling diplomats, other Senatorial wives, also dutifully calling; the young ladies from the local finishing schools, who are thus acquiring polish, the younger men from the State Department, and an occasional personal friend.

And then Washington looks at Mrs. Longworth and, behold! she does none of these things—neither marcel nor teacakes from Rauscher's, nor young lady seminaries, nor mathematical dinner parties. Not even, perhaps, the cold-storage smile. Obviously if this woman is a help to her husband in his political career it is in a way quite different from the ordinary.

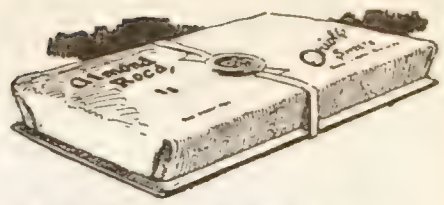
THERE be those who believe that the greatest usefulness a woman can contribute to a public man is the support of her sympathetic understanding. The old picture of the woman behind the lines—far, far behind the lines—whose affection and admiration sustain the warrior and refresh his fighting spirit through her belief in him is a picture that no presence of woman in the trenches under modern conditions can entirely obliterate. It remains, and it always will remain, true, no matter how directly women enter into business and professions and politics.

It goes too deep into the profoundest realities of the human spirit ever to pass out of reality.

But about that tradition hangs a certain air of sentimentality which makes it unreal for the present day. And those paragraphs are screamingly funny in an article about Mrs. Longworth. Sentimentality dies the death at her approach. Yet simply by being herself she answers every inquirer, every critic, affirmatively. She exists. She makes life thrilling. That is enough.

Her biography at this moment is something like this: You take a mystery story from the shelf; you tear out the first chapters and throw them away. Read three chapters which lead to no denouement, but point enticingly several ways. Then you burn the last chapters and offer a prize for the solution.

THE END



Almond Roca

—the West has "gone wild" over it!

Are you a favored one? Surest proof is that some wonderful somebody has remembered you with a box of Almond Roca. Neither chocolate nor hard candy! Unusual? — Most! Different? — Decidedly! The West has "gone wild" over it! May as well attempt description of a Grand Canyon Sunset as Almond Roca. Both defy it! But, for a dollar and a half, you can buy a package. If you live east of the Rockies, you may have to address us direct —but the reward, you'll find, will more than justify the effort. And, when you address us, please include your dealer's name, for we want to cater to your future wishes through him * * * Brown & Haley, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Washington

Almond Roca

"An Extraordinary Confection"

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair —GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. * * * J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

The Strange Case of the Lady in Black

By NEWMAN LEVY

"And you're Abner Jones, the famous detective."

Wherein Abner Jones, the International Sleuth, Flies to the Aid of Beauty in Distress and Rescues the Victim of the Most Baffling Puzzle of the Ages

Picture by GARRETT PRICE

ABNER JONES, the great detective, was in a reminiscent mood. A sleuth (he said) runs up against a lot of queer situations.

Take that Fargus case, for instance, that baffled the police of three continents. The head of old Fargus, you'll remember, was found floating in the river, and later the dismembered body was discovered in an old trunk in Fargus' safe deposit vault. That case certainly baffled them all until I demonstrated by a simple process of deduction that old Fargus had committed suicide. The decapitation and the concealment of the body were merely to direct suspicion against his nephew Floyd, whom he hated.

Then there was the theft of the Serbian crown jewels. They were never stolen at all. The queen had merely mislaid them while doing her spring cleaning.

But the case I had a few weeks ago will go down in history, I think, as the greatest feat of detective work in the annals of crime. I call it "The Strange Case of the Lady in Black."

I was seated in my library about ten thirty one night reading the Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (who, by the way, was a rather crude bungler) when my Japanese butler, Togo, announced that a strange lady wished to see me. I reached for my make-up box and in a flash disguised myself to look like William Jennings Bryan. It is my policy, you know, never to show my real features to anyone.

She came into the room clad in black and heavily veiled, but I could see that she was beautiful—ravishingly beautiful.

"Calm yourself, madam," I said, as she began to tear up nervously the letters and papers that were lying on my desk. "You are a bit upset."

"How do you know that?" she exclaimed.

"It's my business to know these things," I replied, pushing her into a chair and handing her a shot of whisky.

The whisky seemed to calm her. She lifted her veil and I found myself gazing into the most beautiful face I had ever seen.

"You use Bott's Facial Mud," I murmured.

"Great Heavens, are you a mind reader!"

"No," I replied, "but I'm an ad reader. And you have The Bloom That Won't Rub Off. Now tell me, what's the trouble?"

"It's Fred," she answered, choking back a sob. "My husband. We've been married only three months, and——"

"He's left you?"

"Worse. He's mad. Raving mad."

"You don't need me, madam," I said. "What you need is a doctor."

"No! Don't say that," she cried. "They'd take him away from me. You're the only one who can save him. You must come—now."

"Very well," I said. I quietly filled my pockets with revolvers and ammunition. It was well, I thought, to be prepared for emergencies.

"You must be blindfolded," she said, as I rose to accompany her.

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know, but they always are. I read it somewhere in a book."

WE stepped into her limousine, which was waiting at the door, and soon we were speeding through the city. This was not the first time in my career that I had been blindfolded in this way, and through long experience I have developed an unfailing sense of location.

The car turned south and we drove rapidly through the business section; then we turned west past the public library and the new Elks Club. Once more the car turned south into the fashionable Calhoun Avenue, and after a few moments we stopped in front of a mansion that I sensed at once was number sixty-three.

"Sixty-three? Sixty-three Calhoun Avenue?" I reflected. "Who lives here?"

I may say in passing, that as part of my professional training I once memorized the city directory, so it was the work of but a few seconds to run over the names of the residents of Calhoun Avenue. The chauffeur helped me to alight from the car.

"Well, Mrs. Fred MacAllister Washburn," I said genially, "here we are at last."

I could feel, beneath my blindfold, my fair companion turn pale.

"They told me you were a wizard," she said in a trembling voice, "but I didn't believe it was true."

She removed the bandage from my eyes, and we hurried up the steps into the house.

We entered the room that must have been the library, for the walls were lined with book shelves; but the books had been taken from the racks and were scattered in confused heaps about the room.

AT one end of the room was a large library table covered with books, and at it sat Fred Washburn. He was a tall, thin, emaciated looking young man. He was probably rather handsome and distinguished looking when properly groomed, but as I saw him he was haggard and unkempt. A bristly stubble grew on his face—evidently he had not shaved for days—and his hair was unkempt. As we entered the room he rose and glared at us with a wild, maniacal gaze.

"So, you're here at last," he sneered. "I thought you'd never come. And you're Abner Jones, the famous detective—the international sleuth."

I bowed modestly.

"You're the great mystery solver."

Again I bowed.

"Then," he exclaimed, shaking his finger wildly at me, "perhaps you can tell me what is 'an island in three letters'?"

"It's an ait," I replied calmly.

"And what," he cried, "is a knot or knob in four letters beginning in N?"

"A node," I said without hesitation.

"And what," he shrieked, "is a word commencing with T that means a male falcon?"

"Tercel," I said.

Fred Washburn rushed forward, seized my hand, and burst into tears.

"I've solved it!" he sobbed. "I've solved it!"

He put his arm tenderly around his wife's waist.

"I'm cured, sweetheart."

"Thanks to Mr. Jones," said his wife.

"Thanks to the greatest detective in the world," said Washburn with reverence in his voice. "I had finished the puzzle, all but those three words."

Mrs. Washburn rang for the butler.

"Bring up a couple of bottles of that Pommery '75," she said.

THE END

Long Days *of* Regret

Ninth Article of the Series

The

The True Story of the Mysterious "Mrs. Peck's with the War President, as Written to Silence the Whispering of To

By MARY ALLEN HUL

Frederick Bradley Photo.

Mrs. Mary Allen Hulbert, photographed in New York during the time that she was at work on the writing of these reminiscences.

FOR no more serious purpose than to set up the background for what I am about to write, let me remind you that Woodrow Wilson was married to Mrs. Edith Galt in December, 1915. I was in Los Angeles then, and had been, as I have set forth in a preceding article, since early in July of that year.

On October 4 the President of the United States wrote to me saying that he wanted me to be among the first to know of the engagement, which had been forecast in the newspapers and rather generally accepted as fact.

For at least two months prior to the announcement of the engagement, life, for me, had been a series of embarrassments (the word is feeble, but it will do) such as I should vote against subjecting even a confessed murderer to. Far better to use the rope quickly; it is over the sooner.

My days were filled with all manner of regrets, ranging from occasional wishes that I had never met Woodrow Wilson to frequent rue of life in general. There is that oddly absurd feature of it that it was some time before I fully comprehended the reason for the presence of the ubiquitous detective, the too sweet blandishments of inquisitive women, and the crude tricks of both men and women to betray me into anything that might be interpreted as a confession that I was, so to speak, a presidentially abandoned woman.

The gist of all the stories of the time was, of course, that I was planning some Borgian revenge for having been supplanted in Woodrow Wilson's favor by another woman. One of the most futile things in this or any other life I have ever heard of is to enter simple and unsupported denial of gossip that is popular. Perhaps nothing that shall ever be said, by me or by others, will disabuse all minds of the conviction that I contemplated at any time marrying Woodrow Wilson, or that he, to my knowledge, ever purposed marrying me.

Frankly, he might have gone far toward killing the gossip had he been so inclined; if, indeed, he really knew of its extent before I told him of it at our last meeting, of which I shall write in my next article. He *might* have invited me to the White House for a few days at some time during this period. He and Mrs. Wilson *might* have extended the invitation after the wedding in December, 1915. I should have gone, of course, if for no other reason than to show the world that there was nothing to this gossip.

I gave him the opportunity. When I wrote to him in 1916 offering to come to him and tell of what I had heard of the will to impeach him and of the various other plots to discredit him, I received no reply from him, but rather from Mrs. Wilson, whose letter was gracious but not, fro my standpoint at least, effective. As an altern tive to my going to the White House I suggest that the President send a trusted person to m but Mrs. Wilson wrote that they knew of no o whom they could trust on such a mission. We naturally, one may not twice make such sugge tions. But it *would* have helped me.

However, that is past. I told Woodrow Wils so at our last meeting. I find it easy to belie that he, harried and beset by his own multitud nous troubles, was not cognizant of mine. H attitude in that last meeting rather convinced m of it. Troubled, he repeated over and over:

"Isn't there anything I (or we) can do f you?"

"Do you think," he inquired, "that the pub cation in the newspapers that you were our gue this afternoon will help you?"

"No, no," I replied. "It is too late now. It all over—all over. What I have been telling you of the past, and there we will let it rest. Y

P. & A. Phot

Mrs. Hulbert's New York apartment, where Woodr Wilson frequently called on her, was in this building at 39 East Twenty-seventh Street.

What's Gone Before

AS INDICATED in previous installments of her reminiscences, the friendship of Mrs. Hulbert and Woodrow Wilson began when the latter was president of Princeton University and continued for years after he became President of the United States.

Mrs. Hulbert has graphically reported Wilson's views on life, politics, and contemporaneous men of affairs as he revealed them to her during this period of sixteen years. Throughout his entire career she found him a self-contained man, well satisfied that his was the right course and that his actions were ever inspired by lofty motives, void of self-laudation or ambition.

In last week's article Mrs. Hulbert brought her narrative to the point of "the humming of the tongues of Washington" concerning herself and Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, and observed that "by no power of reasoning could Woodrow Wilson and Mary Hulbert have been mated."

OODROW WILSON I KNEW

ng Friendship erself

RT

asked me to tell you myself, and I have told

t, as I say, for at least months before the formal uncement of the engage- of Woodrow Wilson and Galt I was all but over- med by gossip and man woman detectives. The contented themselves, he most part, with dog- my footsteps. The news- s, while they published ng, exhausted reportorial editorial ingenuity to get which just didn't exist. ast, the journalists were , if brutally so, in their esses to me; less cruel the silent prowlings of detectives. At least, the ters left nothing to my ination.

E of them constituted a ypical case. He came to Los Angeles apartment before the Wilson-Galt ing.

Are you Mrs. Hulbert?"

Yes."

d like to get what you to say about this tele- ," he said, thrusting the toward me.

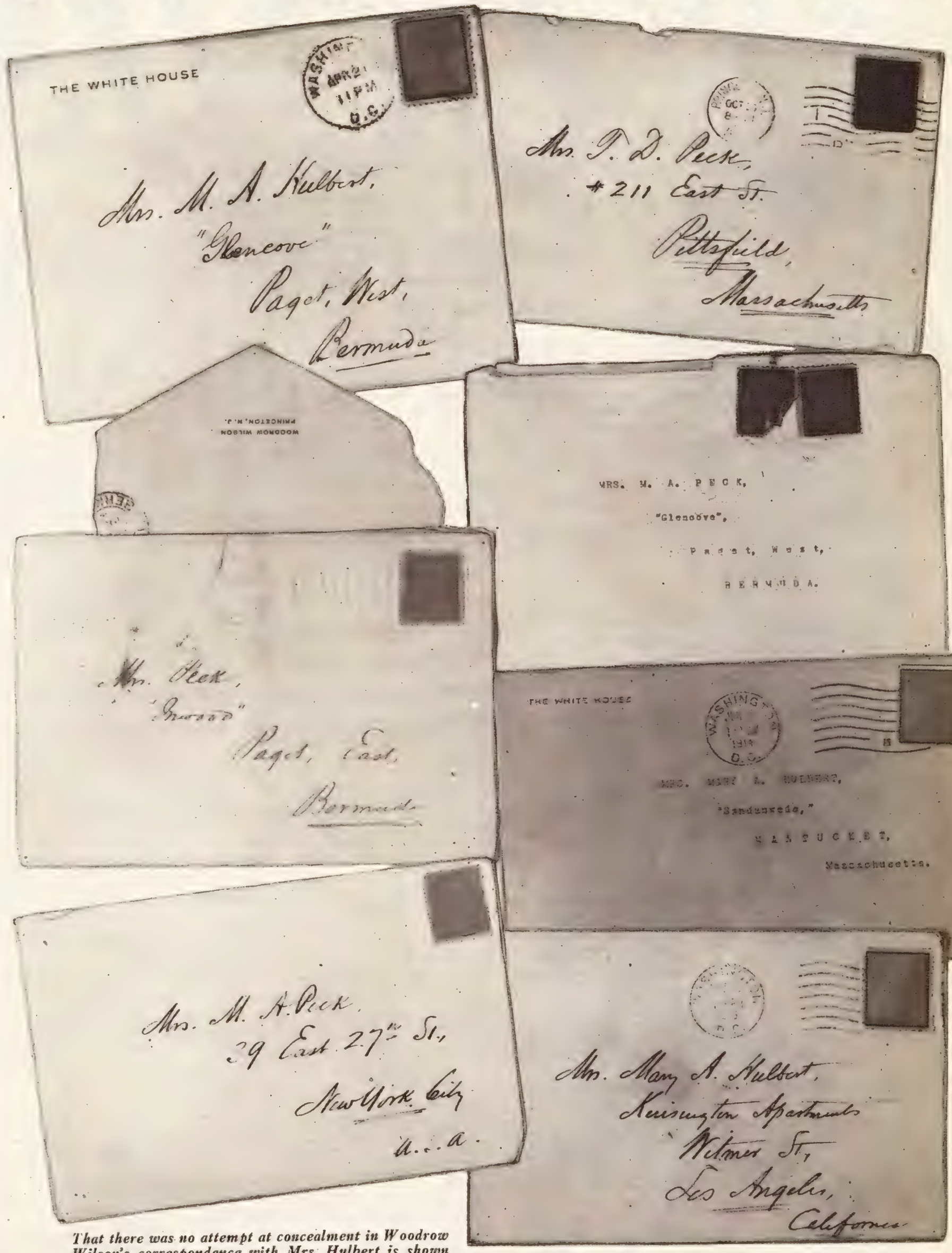
e telegram came from r New York or Washing- It had it that two reports current—one, that I had tuted suit in Maryland nst the President of the ed States; the other that uit had been settled out urt. I do not remember her the telegram specified mount of money involved e settlement or whether I informed later. But the was supposed to have been thousand dollars.

am sorry," I told the nful journalist, "I don't anything about this. It be that it is some other Mrs. Hulbert."

You *are* Mrs. Peck, aren't you?" he demanded.

was Mrs. Peck," I replied. "I am now Mrs. ert."

gave me another telegram which, to the Los les editor's query, "Who is Mrs. Hulbert?" the reply, "Mrs. Hulbert, Mrs. Peck. Snap it."



That there was no attempt at concealment in Woodrow Wilson's correspondence with Mrs. Hulbert is shown by these envelopes, which contained letters written to her at various times, both before and after she discarded the name of Peck. Most of them are addressed in his own handwriting; two bear the White House inscription, and one has his name on the flap.

Then I rather lost patience and told the young man that my son would talk to him. Allen induced him to go, saying that we would let him know if we learned anything to justify the reports. Day by day, I heard greater details of the story. It seems that I had, according to these tales, retained a New York lawyer of some prominence to prosecute my suit, and that a Boston lawyer of equal repute was representing the President.

They seem to have omitted mentioning the fact that one may not, under the law, bring civil suit against a President of the United States while he is in office, but this either did not occur to those responsible for the stories or it wasn't considered important. But the story grew until it was gener-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

boys!

easy work in *your own* neighborhood

Boys—sell Liberty. It is the easiest kind of work, and you can soon have a regular weekly income. No long hours. No need to leave your own neighborhood. No interference with school or other duties. Work a few hours a day, Saturday afternoons, one day a week—just when you have some spare time.

You can start at once. Thousands of boys started selling Liberty without any experience and today are making their own spending money.

No money needed—we supply everything

Simply send the coupon. We'll take care of everything. Our distributor near you will supply carrier bag, magazines and full information, and start you out the very first day earning your own money. You don't need a penny to start. We need boys in all parts of the country. No matter where you live, whether in a small town or a big city, you can sell Liberty, easily, and work up a good paying route.

Free bicycles, radios, etc., given away

Every Liberty boy salesman also has a good chance to get wonderful prizes—just the things you've always wanted. Send the coupon for full details and catalog of free prizes. Here's your chance to be a money-maker—be independent—and enjoy a steady weekly income just working in spare time. Don't delay. Mail the coupon today.

send coupon

Liberty, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

ally agreed that a wealthy supporter of the President (or was it a syndicate of wealthy supporters?) made up a fund of fifty thousand dollars, with which I was bought off and bound to silence.

I received letters informing me of such gossip, one of which I referred to in my preceding article. The author, a woman whom I had known in Pittsfield, was still loyal to me. She was visiting in Santa Barbara, and from there I received her letter.

"I am glad you have written me about the matter, for it gives me an opportunity to tell you what I know of the business," she wrote. "——— was under fire, and the story was quickly circulated that you thrust him upon W. W. in retaliation for his having turned his attentions and affections to another woman. It was easy to find you out, of course, and so you are being watched and interviewed (maybe), in the hope that you will let something out.

"I am absolutely sure of every word I am telling you—every word. You wrote me some six or eight weeks ago, I think it was, and you used the phrase 'my idol has proved to have feet of clay.' I do not know who your correspondent in the East may be, but the same words you wrote me appeared in *Town Topics*, a publication which has been following you ever since you left Pittsfield.

"And now let me say this to you: As you love peace in this life, go straight on your way, head up, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and never mentioning the name of that weak man whom so many are losing faith in, and with good reason.

"Do not write about him to a soul in the East. . . . Refuse absolutely to mention W. W.'s name where you are now living. The sooner W. W. is out of politics, the safer for you, as well as the country. Do not be drawn into any kind of conversation or discussion parts of which might be used later as a weapon turned against you. Let W. W. take care of his precious self, and show not one ray of interest in anything he does. You have not been careful enough, dear Lady Hulbert. . . ."

Bless her, but her advice was hard to follow. Good advice, but difficult. How on earth was I to banish Woodrow Wilson from my thoughts when the country was forever casting the name at me?

THEY tried so many ways of exploding me into talking. There was the very ingenious young woman who sought to shock me into some hysterical statement. She was a member of a short story writing class in Los Angeles. Mr. Bruce Bliven was the teacher. Among my numerous bids for ways and means to a food and shelter income was that one which prompted me to join Mr. Bliven's classes. But literature was not, as you may have guessed on occasion as you have read these articles, my bent.

One day I was told to write a story about an elderly and apparently indigent lady who sold apples. Vainly I sought to borrow the spirit of O. Henry, of Ambrose Bierce, of Stephen Crane, of Tolstoy. I wasn't particular.

But the spirit was elusive. The old apple woman, her wares as wizened as her face, her claws clutching her dab of shawl around her throat, was not immortalized that day. I was full of defeat. The ingenious young lady, the wife of a journalist, commiserated. Then, when she thought I was sufficiently softened, she hurled her bomb.

"Oh, do you think they will kill him?" she cried.

"Who?"

"Woodrow Wilson! Woodrow Wilson!"

This was my chance to shriek out in terror. And what a story it would have been! At least, there would have been ample opportunity to study the woman who cries out in fear for her lost love. Bah! What a bitter disappointment I must have been.

"Who is going to kill him?" I asked.

And that simply murdered the scene, because the young woman hadn't the most remote idea who.

AND then there was the truly remarkable story which had me something of a Du Barry, an Agnes Sorel, a Lady Hamilton, or whom you choose. I rejoice that I have remembered the yarn in time. I hope I can make it clear in spite of its obviously vague qualities.

It has to do with the meeting of an important British official with a member of the Wilson administration on a transport which was carrying a Canadian regiment overseas. The regiment? The Strathcona Horse, according to my informant.

At any rate the Briton said to the American that he entertained some doubts whether Lord Fisher, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Woodrow Wilson, as President of the United States, would react agreeably to each other's method of dealing with Germany on the seas. Fisher, he explained (as I have explained to you) was an impetuous, two-fisted fighting man likely to see red if injured, and Wilson had pacifistic tendencies.

"Do not worry," said the American, "we have a lady in America who can manage them both."

"Excellent," applauded the Briton. "Who is she?"

It was I. Alas, this modern Mme. Pompadour was at the moment either tramping the roads and streets of California in desperate effort to sell books, or standing in long human queues in Hollywood hoping for "extra" parts in the movies, or hustling from auction house to auction house hoping to buy chairs, tables, and andirons cheaply and sell them at a profit to the barbarically rich movie actors or retired Midases who had come to California to live amid climate.

Yet I am not inappreciative of the honor paid me by the American official. Once I did intercede by cable with Lord Fisher when a friend—a British naval captain—was on his way home to stand court-martial. Whether my words with Fisher had weight I can only surmise. The captain was not convicted of mishandling his ship. And since then he has been knighted.

At that time I had Fisher's private code in my possession. He had given it to me, saying:

"Keep it, Mary, and use it if, at any time, you need my services. Use it because it will save you money and time."

In the case of the British captain who was going home for court-martial I had merely cabled Fisher:

"Please help ———. A friend of mine."

"I didn't know that Captain ——— was a friend of yours," growled Fisher when we met again.

"Both he and his wife are," I replied. "I am so glad you were able to help him."

"Well, he got off, but he should have been convicted."

But with Woodrow Wilson I had little weight in such matters. I tried to induce him to ask Germany to release an interned Englishman, the brother of a dear friend of mine. He told me that he couldn't; that the kaiser was quite easily offended when such matters were interfered with. I did manage to help place a friend of ours in a government berth by vouching for him to Woodrow, but the poor man couldn't get along with his chief and soon resigned.

So, all things considered, I hardly think that I, Mary Hulbert, would have been able, had the unhappy condition arisen, to have kept solid the ties which bound London and Washington in the common war. No, I carried on, an extremely lowly person, never quite sure what was going to happen to me, but never abandoning hope that it would not last much longer.

Perhaps I was deepest in despair whenever I let my thoughts revert to the early days of our friendship—cool, pleasant, idyllic days before the world was undergoing the process of being made safe for the democracy which came very near to being lost in the scuffle. There came the time when, for the sake of my health (and perhaps my very reason) I was compelled to banish the thoughts of former days and apply myself with vigor to the somewhat rough present.

I recall that I was accused, among all the other things, of being a narcotic addict. That, you see, made the picture of me complete. I do not remember that it was said of me that I was a drunkard, although the failure leaves me mystified. But perhaps they did say that, too, and it is possible that I didn't catch up with the story.

What with one thing and another, my nerves lost their wonted steadiness and my heart action ceased to be normal. Consequently I suffered two or three heart attacks which required the immediate attention of doctors. On one of these occasions I received first aid from two trained nurses who lived in the apartment house and they called in a doctor.

He visited me twice. He sent no bill, a fact which I brought to his attention. I called at his house one day to ask him for his bill.

"Come into my office," he said. "Do you know why I sent you no bill? It was because I thought that you were a drug addict. They never pay their bills, and I just didn't bother."

But enough of that sort of reminiscing. By way of antidote, I must hark back again to the earlier days, the memory of which is balm. I would rather talk of my futile efforts to make Woodrow forget the pedagogue and take to playing. Vainly did I try to get him into a bathing suit or tennis flannels with a racquet in his hand, or into the saddle, although he used to tell me how, as a boy, he rode very well.

Perhaps the nearest he approached actual participation in physical exercise other than walking was bicycling; and he rode the wheel with a dignity never approximated, to my knowledge, by any other.

I FEAR that I grow trifling; that I am falling short of that gravity with which my subject should be invested. But I find it difficult to maintain the popular pose of unrealism cultivated by those who admired the man—the almost abject veneration with which they treat of him.

So I would shun the customary fatuous blather as I would downright flippancy. He was, as I have said, after all, a very human being, with many of the common weaknesses which attend such circumstance. I would save him, if I could, from the ghastly fate of other dwellers in Valhalla whose mundane accomplishments have gradually simmered down to single descriptive words.

Machiavelli they dismiss with "cunning," Solomon with "wise," Henry VIII. with "bloody," Ulysses Grant with an irradicable

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

prejudice against anything short of fighting all summer, and Theodore Roosevelt with "strenuosity." Let them continue in their Wilsonian mythology, and posterity will forget everything but "league of nations"; his conception of that will have been reduced to the consistency of an overboiled apple pudding.

Therefore, unasked, I have assumed my just prerogative of clothing one of my country's great in the wrinkled trousers, the baggy coat, and the rather styleless cap he preferred but balked at when in the public eye.

For art, as such, Woodrow was not enthusiastic. I failed to arouse in him more than a passive interest in the opera and never prevailed upon him to hear one with me. The theater held no strong attraction for him, although he had a quoting knowledge of the early Greek drama which so inevitably ran to tragedy. The few theatrical performances we did attend were limited to musical comedy and vaudeville. I remember inducing him and Ellen Axson Wilson to go with me to Carnegie Hall to see Isadora Duncan and that Mrs. Wilson accepted with obvious, although not voiced, misgivings.

Isadora Duncan's art represented, to Mrs. Wilson, something not wholly wholesome—until she saw it; and then she was all but overwhelmed by the beauty and grace of it. It quite broke down her congenital prejudice against the interpretative dance, that journey to Carnegie Hall. Woodrow looked on in silence. Later, he had no criticism. But I don't think that he liked Isadora so much as to be one of her regular patrons.

I took him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he manifested more interest in the modern than the old masters, and even among the moderns his taste was not discriminating. Statecraft was always uppermost in his mind, even to the exclusion, at times, of his second choice of study—sociology.

I DON'T believe that any of the talk, scandalous or otherwise, which abounded about Woodrow Wilson and me during the sixteen years of our friendship failed to reach me in due time. There was always someone to relay to me the very latest gossip, with the result that I was frequently to wonder whether, by foregoing sleep and meals, I could possibly have been in all the places and done half the things credited to us.

However, there were things which never became public, although I am not sure that much would have been made of them had they lost their secrecy. For example, we used to read the Scriptures together—at the same hour, at least. Gracious! Fancy someone plucking your sleeve and with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Zino-pads are thin, safe, antiseptic, healing, waterproof. Three sizes—for corns, callouses and bunions. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Cost but a trifle.

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I will be interested in receiving detailed information regarding your Special Offer.

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All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

boys~

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Send coupon for full details. Be a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money—every week. No experience, no money needed. We supply everything, show you how to get started at once. It's easy. Work in spare time—right in your own neighborhood. No interference with school or duties. Every boy can also get free prizes—bicycles, radios, musical instruments, sporting goods, etc. Start at once. Make your own spending money.

SEND COUPON TODAY

Liberty, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

a knowing wink drawing you aside and whispering:

"Have you heard the latest about Wilson and Mrs. Peck?"

"No. Please, please let's have it!"

"They read the Bible."

"*What!*"

"Yes. Together."

"Good Lord!" you cry. "Has he—has that woman—no shame?"

Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton when I met him, and as such he was, in the name of duty, a regular attendant at chapel. He used to send me the chapel programs on which the biblical chapters for each day were set down, and it pleased him to ask me to read these chapters on the same days, no matter where I might be at the time.

He told me that chapel met at 8:55 in the morning, and suggested that at that hour I read with him for the good of my soul.

It hurts me to write this. For it is a dreadful thing for a woman thus to lay bare her past, particularly if it involves a great man.

ONE more scene, and I am done with this effort to set straight before your eyes, not myself particularly, but Woodrow Wilson, who will, like so many of his truly great predecessors in history, have to wait for a generation before the public eye is cured of its astigmatism and he is seen clearly for what he was. He will be a bigger figure in generations to come, because he was in advance of his time and is still far ahead of us.

I loved the man for what I saw in him, for what he represented among men. Perhaps, lest the old familiar "Ha! Didn't I tell you?" ring forth anew at such admission, I had better say I loved the Woodrow Wilson that I knew to be the real Woodrow Wilson.

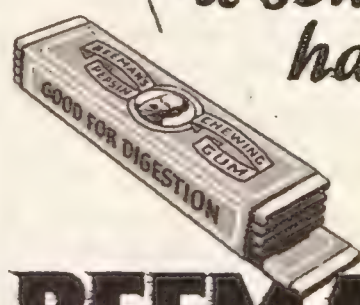
He must have regarded *me* with something stronger than mere esteem. His letters bear testimony to that. And the fact that, when my reply to his letters was not prompt or at sufficient length or enthusiasm, he would telephone me from the White House to Pittsfield and other places, at night, gives me the right, I think, to assume that he was more than "just passing interested."

But now to my final picture.

Mrs. Hulbert's tenth and last article reveals her once more in the presence of Woodrow Wilson, on his final tour, during which his health broke. At President Wilson's twice-given bidding Mrs. Hulbert has luncheon in Los Angeles with him and Mrs. Wilson. And there she tells him of all the misery visited upon her, simply because she was his friend. This dramatic conclusion to a story which is, properly, a chapter in American history will appear in Liberty next week.

Healthy folks keep fit with Beeman's- you'll find its daily use is

"a sensible habit"



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Think of a tailored-to-measure, strictly all-wool Suit or Topcoat for only $23.50! That's what Style-Center is offering well-dressed men this Spring. That's what you can sell every man in your town—and have them coming back for more next season!

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Style-Center

A Self-Confessed Faker Tells How He Has Fleeced and Sometimes Disfigured Hundreds of Women Who Came to Him in the Eternal Feminine Quest of Loveliness

The TRUTH About Beauty Surgery

Third in a Series of Startling Revelations

By An EX-PLASTIC SURGEON

Picture by Walter Dean Goldbeck

PEOPLE who go shopping for new faces are running terrible risks. For, side by side with legitimate plastic surgeons, there flourishes a band of surgical crooks. Here is the last of three "inside" articles by one of these beauty doctors. He was persuaded by the editor of Liberty to reveal the secrets of the dangerous game which he has left for good.

THE nose operation is a popular one in beauty surgery.

Some have bulbous noses and want them trimmed down. Others have noses which are too long. Many have bumps on their noses, and still others depressions. Some nostrils flare too much, and others not enough.

No one but an expert should attempt operations on this bony structure. Sometimes too much of the cartilage may be cut away and the nose will be left unprotected at that point. This error is often made.

I recall the case of a young and beautiful woman who was operated upon eight years ago by an unscrupulous cosmetic surgeon. He had cut away too much of the hump.

A year ago her nose began to give her pain. Mind you, this was seven years after the operation. She finally came to me. Her nose had turned blue on the bridge. Ordinarily I didn't take such cases, but I did take this one.

I lanced the bluish section and found that the nose was in a badly diseased condition. It had become infected. There was little chance of saving it, but I made the attempt.

"Oh, doctor, I was a fool ever to have had my nose changed," she moaned. "I really liked my old nose and didn't realize it."

Yes, milady will take desperate chances to obtain something which she believes to be beautiful; and she wants it quickly, like a new hat.

My patient stood a good chance of losing her nose because she had had the original shape changed. I worked with her for months. I put in a new ivory structure—ivory cut in the shape of the former nasal bone—and with little round holes in it, so that the tissues and skin would grow into it. I built up new tissue and grafted skin.

The woman suffered agony, not only from the pain but because of her fear that she would lose her nose entirely. However, she progressed favorably and the nose was finally restored. I count that one of my triumphs.

The operation to remove a hump from the nose is performed from within the nostrils. In this way there is no danger of a scar on the bridge. The procedure is painless, as a local anæsthetic is used.

The next day the patient develops a pair of beautiful black eyes, just as though he had been struck on the nose. But these disappear in a few days. The simple piece of court plaster which has been placed across the bridge is removed, as well as the dressing.

Behold the patient with a new "bobbed" nose. Perhaps the effect is pleasing—perhaps not. As I have said, each case is different. No uniform result can ever be guaranteed by the plastic surgeon.

Paraffin used to be employed for this work. It was injected into the depression, pressed into the proper shape, and then allowed to cool. But this procedure led to many disastrous results, and in some states the use of paraffin in such cases is now prohibited by law.

EARS can be rebuilt by grafting. Cauliflower ears—the misshapen ears many pugilists have as a result of blows—can be done over. Lobes can be shortened. Outstanding ears can be made normal by sewing them against the head in the back.

Large scars can be removed by cutting out the scarred section and then beveling the skin and resewing it together. Other facial blemishes can also be taken off in this way.

Possibly one of the most excruciating operations in facial surgery is the skin peeling process. In this the skin of the face is first treated with a radium solution, which will make it easy to remove. Then the surgeon, with knife and pincers, cuts and peels, and peels and cuts.

Some of the pain is eliminated by an anæsthetic. But the patient soon learns that having the outer skin removed is no pleasant thing. However, I never knew a woman to flinch under the operation. She bears it for beauty's sake.

She can already visualize herself in a few weeks with a nice, baby-like skin. True, there *will* be a baby-like skin—for a time.

But, of course, the same condition which made the other skin unprepossessing will cause this new skin to become unsightly.

Branching off the beaten track of the beauty surgeon's "science" are many curious bypaths. One of these is tattooing.

It was not long before I gave up sculpturing in flesh that a lovely young woman came to my office. She had heard that a "permanent blush" could be tattooed on the cheeks.

I showed her the new electrical instrument which has a row of needles that puncture the skin at the proper depth and at the same time inject the dye.

I must say that I did a good job in blending the pigment into the pinkness of her skin.

When I had finished, this young woman, who had meanwhile questioned me at length concerning the science of tattooing, decided that she also wanted her lips made fuller and her Cupid's bow more obvious.

About three months after her last treatments she came back to my office. It startled me when I saw her; I scarcely recognized her. The "blushes" in her cheeks stood out like great splotches. She was a sight!

The trouble was that the girl had grown anæmic. Her lips had paled, as had her general complexion. The tattoo marks made her look ghastly.

She wanted to know what could be done. I told her that the only way to remove tattooing was by skin grafting. This is not the sole method, but I usually advised my clients to submit to it, as by this means I could charge a larger fee. Also, privately, I regarded it as the best.

"Before you ever began on me you ought to have told me I stood a chance of looking like this," the girl I had tattooed cried hysterically.

I could say nothing, but secretly I knew that she was right. I had deceived her because she wanted to be deceived.

I BROUGHT up this last point before, and now I want to emphasize it. The average woman who loves so well to fool the male in her appearance wants to be deceived in turn. When, for example, she has her mind made up to wear a certain gown, she wants someone to tell her how stunning she will be in that particular dress. Or, in the case of plastic surgery, she wants to be told how beautiful a new nose or new face will look.

If you dare hint that a thing which pleases her vanity does not become her she flies into a fit of anger, or at least sets you down as someone without judgment.

But this particular woman refused to resort to skin grafting when I named the price and told her the inconvenience of it. She left my office in a rage.

I imagine that she went out and, by proper eating, sleeping, and exercise, tried to get back a sufficient flush of health to blend with the tattooing. But when she grows old she will

He insisted that I submit to being blindfolded. I knew I had walked into something shady, but it was too late.

look rather funny if she allows the marks to remain.

I have darkened many eyebrows by tattooing a dark color into the skin beneath the hair. Of course, I never mentioned how strange this would look when the eyebrows became gray or white. Still, there are dark dyes that can be used to hide the tattoo marks.

Reddish scars, birthmarks, and even wine marks can be removed by tattooing. Stranger things than that can be done.

For instance, I had a certain amount of success in changing a Chinaman into a man resembling a Hawaiian. I corrected his almond-shaped eyes and his flat nose. He turned out to be a first-class looking Hawaiian.

SHORTLY after this odd transformation I received a mysterious visit from a man. He gave me a name which I suspected was not his own.

"I got a friend who can't leave home. He wants a little job done," this individual imparted to me.

I sensed something was wrong when he refused to put the matte off until his friend was able to come to my office.

"Doc, there's ten grand in it for you," he informed me, in a confidential tone.

Well, "ten grahd," or ten thousand dollars, was not to be ignored.

I visited the place that night in company with this man. The episode took a still more mysterious turn when he insisted that I submit to being blindfolded when within a short distance of the house.

I knew I had walked into something shady, but it was too late then. Abruptly, my companion said:

"Don't take a chance of not goin' through wid dis."

I knew he meant it.

At last I found myself in a well-furnished apartment. The invalid I expected to see was an energetic young man who was pacing the floor.

"Got your implements, doc?" he asked, without the ceremony of an introduction.

I nodded.

"Got the things fer the plants, too?"

"What do you mean?"

"The skin graft—the plants fer the fingers."

"Oh!" I ejaculated.

I knew what he wanted. He wished me to remove the skin from the ends of his fingers and transplant the skin from some other person's.

"Have you got the man to take the transplant from?" I asked, in turn. I was ready to do this thing, though I knew it would prove useless to him.

I did not tell him that in a short time the new skin would slough off his fingers and the original whorls—identical with the ones he formerly had on his finger tips—would come back. If this did not happen his fingers would at least be a mass of scars. There could be no safety in this, as the police would at once know that he had tampered with his finger tips.

They brought in a man who explained that he was from the West. He had been found in the derelict section of the city—a typical vagrant, who would do anything for a price. I suppose the poor fellow was badly paid, after all, for the pain he experienced when I removed the skin from the tips of his fingers and placed it on the finger tips of our friend the crook.

AFTER this operation I changed the man's nose, set his ears close to his head, tattooed a blemish like a wine mark on his neck, and took a big scar off his arm.

I was glad to get out of that place alive—*with* my ten grand.

It was the realization of the risks I was running in such shady cases as the foregoing, plus the damage suits brought against me, plus a real dislike of the work because of my many failures, that made me quit the game.

I've left sculpturing in flesh for good and all now, but what was true of it yesterday is true today, and I'd like to broadcast one piece of advice:

If you're thinking of going to a beauty surgeon, consult your own doctor first. Otherwise you're liable to fall into the hands of a quack who'll wreck, at one stroke, both your good looks and your pocketbook.

THE END

IRENE RICH,
in
A Lost Lady

A Lost Lady

A Motion Picture Review

By ALVA TAYLOR

From the Novel by Willa Cather

Directed by Harry Beaumont *Produced by Warner Brothers*

CAST:

Marian Forrester	*Irene Rich*
Neil Herbert	*Matt Moore*
Constance Ogden	*June Marlowe*
Frank Ellinger	*John Roche*
Ivy Peters	*Victor Potel*
Captain Forrester	*George Fawcett*

Warner Brothers are offering A Lost Lady, from the novel by Willa Cather.

The picture inherits a spirit of realism from the novel. A Lost Lady, as written by Willa Cather, is a tremendously vivid picture of the decline and fall of a lovely woman in a small town in the West. It is one of the best novels of the last few seasons.

The moving picture is so good a filming of the book itself and so well directed that it automatically takes on much of the excellence of the novel. Compact like the novel, the film wastes no time jumping from episode to episode, but moves along smoothly and logically, making one believe as it goes.

Perhaps I am unusually averse to excessive use of the subtitle in a picture. But many of them breaking up the action of the film takes away some of the authority from a movie. A moving picture should as far as possible tell its own story by movement.

This is one of the noticeably good points about A Lost Lady as directed by Harry Beaumont. The subtitles are few. They are inserted only for occasional necessary explanations, and to add to dramatic suspense. By the subtlety of the acting and the direction one is allowed to read the minds of the characters, instead of being told about them. This is true of all good pictures.

Irene Rich as Marian Forrester, the lost lady, does one of the best pieces of work in her career. It's not an easy part that she portrays. She is the young and beautiful wife of an elderly railroad magnate, who sought an ideal wife and found her too late in life.

Hungrily and unconsciously seeking the romance and emotion denied her in her marriage, she gives her beauty and loveliness to Frank Ellinger, young and more attractive than faithful to women. Loving him, she starts to go away with him, but is turned back by a news item that her husband has sacrificed his entire fortune to the workmen ruined by the failure of his bank.

She is then forced to mix a little poverty with her love. The longing for Ellinger, monotony of life with her husband, who now is afflicted with paralysis, causes Marian's beauty to fade and her spirit to droop. One night Marian reads of Ellinger's forthcoming marriage to a young heiress. At once she is the maddened, harassed woman, love gone, hope lost. Her husband dies. She sinks lower and lower. She takes to drink, and her faded beauty turns to haggard ugliness. She leaves town.

Years afterward Neil Herbert learns from a mutual friend that Marian is once more secure and content, and beautiful. Married to an unromantic Englishman she is at least not lost. Neil Herbert, played by Matt Moore, is the young country boy who worships Marian from afar when she is young and beautiful and above him, who loves her and asks her to marry him when she is alone and less beautiful, and who turns from her in disillusionment when he sees her in the arms of Ivy Peters, but who is always haunted by her former loveliness.

The unconventionality of the plot of A Lost Lady, the absence of a regulation heroine, who is sweet and perfect from beginning to end, the lack of a cut and dried happy ending, is, of course, due to Willa Cather's story. But the producers of the picture are to be congratulated for not attempting to change this for the sake of sentiment.

IF MOVING picture producers don't take care they will soon be giving the public the bigger and better things in moving pictures that have been their slogan for some time. There have been released during the past months a number of first-class pictures which have shown signs of getting away from the commonplace. A putting of life and not of fairy tales upon the screen is getting more and more to be the style.

Recent and notable examples of this have been the films mentioned in last week's review; Greed, directed by Von Stroheim, and Griffith's Isn't Life Wonderful. Now,

Next Week: Capital Punishment

Filmed by Schulberg Productions, Inc.

FILM FOLK OF THE NEVER NEVER LAND

Peter Pan on the Screen

Captions by Alva Taylor

E. R. Richee Photo

SIR JAMES BARRIE HIMSELF selected Betty Bronson (above) to play the part of Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up.

The mother who loved Peter, and grieved because he would not stay with her, is made a charming picture in the hands of Esther Ralston (circle at top).

It was all for Wendy that Peter Pan slew Captain Hook, and lovely Mary Brian (oval above, left) plays the part of the girl Peter loved.

"Not the hook, Captain; anything but the hook!" cried the victims of the dread Captain Hook, portrayed by Ernest Torrence (left).

Will the movie audiences be able to save the life of little Tinker Bell, played in miniature by Virginia Brown Faire (right)?

E. R. Richee Photo

WHITE PANTS Willie

A Serial by

ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by C. D. WILLIAMS

Who's Who in the Sixth Installment

WILLIE BASCOM, a lovable, fiercely ambitious youth, rebels against Sloanestown, his birthplace. In the face of outraged local tradition, he wears a pair of snowy trousers, which symbolize his revolt. He has a dangerous gift, which almost leads to his expulsion, as a potential forger, from the bank where he works; a trick of imitating signatures from memory. At length, he leaves Sloanestown and

JUDY WITT, his placid sweetheart, whose mental horizon is bounded by Sloanestown, because he thinks himself in danger of arrest. For, in a fight, he had come near killing

MOCK EPPLEY, a bullying garage hand, and long his cruel tormentor. Willie beats his way down to Palm Beach, the region of his dreams. There he meets

HELEN CHARTERS, beautiful, daring, nineteen, addicted to roulette as to a drug. In gambling at the Chance Club she has lost twenty-two thousand dollars in a single night. She had borrowed this sum from

CLEM BODINE, who is the "yes man" and general factotum of

PHILIP CHARTERS, Helen's multimillionaire father. Charters is planning to invest a large sum in real estate on Fountain River, the site of a projected new resort. But he is so deeply involved in the stock market that he has no available cash with which to pay the first installment. His options are soon to expire, and someone has got wind of his precarious position and secured the secondary options.

DUDLEY HILLS, who accepted Helen Charters' I O U's for twenty-two thousand dollars, is a shrewd reformed gambler, the manager of the Chance Club. He, like Willie, is a refugee from Sloanestown. Sympathizing with the boy's rebellion, and betting on the chance of his making a rich marriage, he lets Willie occupy an apartment which he has on his hands, and spreads the report that Willie is the son of a Texas oil millionaire. Charters, believing that the boy is looking for a chance to invest his father's millions, hopes that he can persuade him to help finance the precarious Fountain River deal. Willie, in the midst of all his play-acting, finds himself falling more and more deeply in love with Helen. He persuades her to give up roulette, and spends most of his time dancing with her. At length, Charters summons Willie to a business talk.

Behind her father's back she blew a kiss; Willie grinned comfortably and settled back in his chair.

WILLIE BASCOM ought to have been alarmed at the news that Charters wanted to talk to him. To talk things over. What could they talk over that could safely be talked about? Perhaps Charters would tell him he had been spending too much time with Helen. Worse, he might ask questions. Nevertheless, though he ought to have worried about it, Willie didn't worry about it. The only thing that worried him was that he and Helen had to lunch with somebody else when they wanted to be lunching alone together.

Yet there was a domestic implication about lunching with her and her father that thrilled him; she made him feel at home, even in the sort of dining room he had only seen in the movies. Charters, too, treated him almost as one of the family; that gave him courage when they had finished their coffee, and Charters gave him a long, fat cigar, held a match for Helen's cigarette, and then told her, "Run along, now, and let the men talk business."

"I wish you'd talk business with me, sometimes," she complained.

"Not a bad idea, at that. I'll begin, pretty soon. But not now. Want to talk over some things with Bascom."

Behind her father's back she blew a kiss; Willie grinned comfortably and settled back in his chair, looking more at ease than he felt.

"I'm not much of a business man yet, Mr. Charters; but——"

"But you're going to be," said Charters, cheerfully. "I hear you're looking for investments down here. What kind?"

"Oh, I thought I might dabble a little in real estate."

"Very sensible. Florida real estate is, and will be for the next five years, at any rate, one of the surest ways to make big money. Fairy tales come true here, every day. Thought about anything special?"

"Oh, I've been looking over various things, here and down at Miami—I was down there a couple of days last week. But I haven't quite decided. I suppose almost anything down here is a good investment right now, but some things are better than others——"

"Wise boy," said Charters. "Well, perhaps some of us old-timers that have seen a little more of Florida can help steer you to something worth while. I've been doing a little investing in Florida land myself. Maybe you've heard some things about my proposition up on the Fountain River."

"I've heard things, yes. But—I didn't believe all I heard about Fountain Beach."

Charters laughed.

"Bascom, you've got a head. What I've put into Fountain Beach was only a bluff. A smoke screen. The real place to buy real estate—buy it cheaply, now—is on the other side of Fountain River. I've got options on nearly ten thousand acres up there. Going to take them up very shortly, too. The railroad's coming through that way, and I figure that, with an investment of a couple of millions, we can develop a property that will be another Miami

THE Story of a Young Man Who Found Love and Adventure in Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach

each or Coral Gables. It's going to need a big vestment—just like Miami Beach or Coral ables. But the profit will be pretty near as g. We'll have dual railroad connection—East d West Coast—best possible motor highways, ill water in the river, and access to the ocean, o—everything a residential resort commu-ity needs. And, Bascom, I thought I'd give u a chance to get in on it while there's time."

VILLIE contemplated the curling blue smoke of his cigar.

"Well, Mr. Charters, that's mighty good of u. I don't know—hadn't quite made up my ind; I'd want to look over the property, of urse——"

"Oh, that's all right. It's just this side of harpsburg. A fellow named Plummett up ere represents most of the owners; you can rive up and get him to show you over the land. vestigate all you like—only don't talk about . A deal like this doesn't want too much pub-city, yet."

"My property's more or less tied up," Willie arned him. "I'm not sure I could lay my ands on much in the way of cash just now."

"Then turn something over," said Charters; nd his eagerness struck Willie as rather sur-rising, almost suspicious. "Turn something er. It will pay you. Here's the situation. e got options on this property—I, personally. lem Bodine and I looked it over, then I sent im up to do the buying, very quietly. I own e options. I can get the property for about alf a million.

"Well, when the time comes to sign up I'll organize a company and let you—and Bodine, if he's got the cash available—in on it. We can finance the development on mortgages—or I may do it myself, if certain stock market deals of mine turn out as I expect. Anyway, it's my private property now. Those options are mine personally. I can let anybody in on it that I care to let in; and I thought I'd give you the chance."

"It's awfully kind of you, Mr. Charters. I'll look it over, and, if you don't mind, I'd like to take a week or so to think it over——"

"Why so long as that, Bascom? You can look it over in a single afternoon; compare values, look up titles, anything you like, in another day. This is Monday—no reason why you shouldn't be able to make up your mind by Thursday morning."

"What's the hurry?" Willie asked, with lifted eyebrows.

"Well, I'd thought of organizing the company next week."

WILLIE pondered.

"How long do your options run, Mr. Charters?"

Apparently this question wasn't very welcome, but the reply was prompt.

"Till the twenty-second. Saturday next. Twelve o'clock noon. So I want to get into action right away."

"Well, I'll think it over."

"You won't find a better investment in Florida."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Charters. It's very good of you to let me in on it. There must be lots of people that would jump at the chance if they knew about it. In fact, I'm rather surprised that you've offered it to me."

Charters looked at him with rather pained suspicion.

"Think there's a bite in it, somewhere, eh?"

"Oh, not a bit, Mr. Charters——"

"Nonsense! I can see you do. So I'll tell you why I'm letting you in. I—Bascom, I feel rather grateful to you. I understand you don't play roulette."

"That's true."

"But you like to dance, don't you? And so does Helen. In fact, you two are about the best dancing team in Palm Beach. You've got her interested in dancing, and consequently she's stopped playing roulette. I'd been a bit worried about it, Bascom. Just between you and me, sometimes she'd lose four or five hundred a night—sometimes she's lost her whole month's allowance in a week. It was getting a hold on her. But you've got her interested in other things, and I owe you quite a lot of thanks for that. That's why I'm letting you in on this Fountain River deal."

MIRACLE upon miracle. Willie had hardly had time to wonder what Philip Charters would say when he learned that his daughter was in love with Willie Bascom; even if he had time he would have been afraid to speculate. Yet, visibly, Charters liked him; Charters looked on him with favor. If only, somehow, he could make money——

"So, Bascom, I don't know how you're situated—but a quarter of a million invested in Fountain River would certainly make a two million profit within the next five years."

"Why, I'm not as rich as you, Mr. Charters," said Willie, modestly. "A quarter of a million looks like a good deal to me. I don't believe I could get together so much as that, right now."

"How much could you get together?" Charters asked, and now he couldn't disguise the anxiety in his voice. "A hundred thousand, or more?"

"I'd have to liquidate a good deal to raise a hundred thousand right now, Mr. Charters."

"Well, even fifty thousand—I'd rather like to have you in with me."

"Fifty thousand," Willie meditated. "Well,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

give me a few days to think it over."

"You can do all the investigating you need before Thursday."

"Yes, but I might not be able to turn over my money so soon."

"Bascom, the capital of the Fountain River Company is going to be half a million. But I'll let you have twenty per cent of it for fifty thousand if you come in before Thursday. What could be fairer than that?"

"Nothing, to me," Willie conceded. "But it's not quite fair to you. What's the hurry, Mr. Charters?"

"HELL!" said Charters savagely. "You're as hard-boiled as Frizzell. Well, Bascom—here's the whole story—in confidence. I trust you. Remember that. You and Helen are pretty good friends, aren't you?"

"I—I hope so, Mr. Charters."

"You wouldn't want to see her future seriously disturbed, would you? Of course not. All right. Helen's always had plenty of money. She's never had to economize—never been taught to economize. She s always been able to look forward to being left pretty well fixed.

"Well, I'm always pretty deeply involved in the stock market, one way or another. Just now I've got so much in there that I'm just a little pressed for cash. This Fountain River deal is a sure money maker. If I know anything about Florida real estate we ought to make four or five millions out of it in as many years. And I'd rather earmarked my profits on this deal for Helen. She'll soon be too old to be living on an allowance. It will be time to give her some property of her own and teach her how to handle it. . . . But I've got to take up those options by Saturday noon, and unless there's a big break in the stock market, or unless I get out of something at a pretty stiff loss, I'll have trouble laying my hands on the cash."

"Surely your credit, Mr. Charters——"

"Bascom, if my credit hadn't been stretched as far as it would go I'd have taken up those options before this."

Willie sighed. So it hadn't been pure gratitude after all. Still, Charters was obviously glad he had kept Helen away from the roulette table; gratitude played a part in it, even if Charters did need money.

"So you've got to have half a million by Saturday?"

"No, the bulk of the purchase price is to be paid in thirty days, and I'll be all right on the market by that time, I hope. But I've got to meet the owners' attorneys at the bank on Saturday morning with a certified check for fifty thousand to bind it. Otherwise some other persons who have discovered which way the cat's going to jump, and have got subordinate options, will get it; and we'll get left."

"Ah," said Willie, "I see."

"Yes, damn it," Charters growled, "I suppose you do." Yet he wasn't altogether unhappy. A man so cautious as this would be a pretty safe husband for Helen, if it went that far. "But let me know by Saturday morning!"

"All right, Mr. Charters, I'll think it over."

And it was well that they had settled it, for at that moment Helen broke in on them—Helen in a white frock of cobwebby silk, with a transparent white picture-hat veiling her ruddy hair.

"You've talked long enough," she announced. "Dad, Bill's never seen our gardens. I'm going to show him around, and then we'll go over to the Coconut Grove for a little tea and a lot of dancing."

From his window Charters watched them strolling through the palm groves and shrubbery back of the house, blue serge coat beside white silken frock—and then, as they passed behind a hibiscus bush that gave an illusion of privacy, they paused, the picture-hat was taken off, blue serge arms went about white silken shoulders, their faces met.

"Ho, ho!" said Philip Charters. "He'll come in."

II.

FIFTY THOUSAND. That was a lot of money, even for Dudley Hills. Willie had his doubts whether he could get it. Yet, in a sense, he had a hold on Hills. Hills already had invested a good deal in him. That was lost unless he invested more. Whether Hills could see it or not Willie didn't know, but he did know one thing—he was tired of getting money because Hills thought he was going to marry rich. It had been unpleasant enough before he and Helen became engaged, but he had submitted to it because it seemed the only way to get money. Now that they were engaged, even though nobody knew it but themselves, it was absolutely intolerable.

So he must convince Hills that he had a really good real estate deal on hand. To do that he must find out, reach definite conclusions. So, the next morning, he set out for Fountain River.

First to the garage in West Palm Beach where he had seen the second-hand sport speedster, but where it was to be seen no more.

"Sorry, Mr. Bascom," the dealer told him. "We held it all day yesterday, but you didn't let us know, so I sold it to another customer this morning."

"Ah!" said Willie. "I was rather busy yesterday. Well, you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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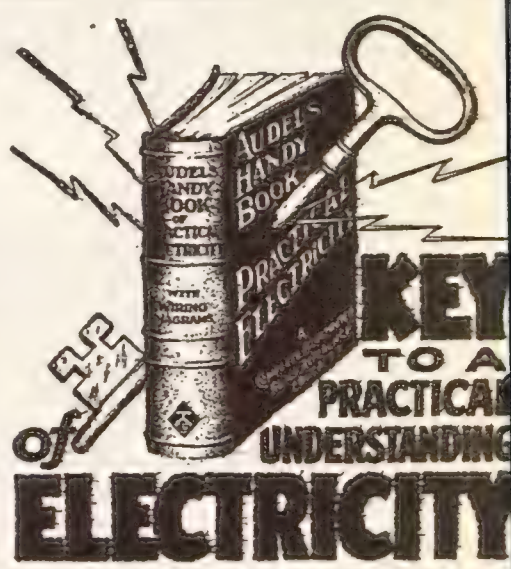

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"No, damn you; no!" Rigid and trembling, Willie leaned toward him.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

can rent me a car, I suppose, for the day? I want to go up to Fountain River."

It wasn't very promising, this block of land five miles long and three miles wide, on which Charters held an option. Pine barrens, sandy flats overgrown with palmetto scrub. Yet a few years ago Coral Gables had been only that; a few years ago Miami Beach had been worse—a mangrove swamp; impassable, snake infested thickets. Money had been poured into Miami Beach and Coral Gables and, in consequence, millions were being taken out. What had been done there might be done on Fountain River. Fairy tales came true in Florida real estate.

At Sharpsburg he met Mr. Plummett, representative of the owners, whose wildest dreams were being realized in getting fifty dollars an acre for land that, properly developed, would be worth five thousand an acre and would sell for ten thousand. All Willie learned from him was that the subordinate options expired only a few days after those held by Charters. Whoever might be behind this mysterious Fontaine Realty Company of Jacksonville, which held them, he seemed to have followed Charters' operations pretty well. Suspiciously well, thought Willie, as he drove back to West Palm Beach.

IT seemed all right, however, and the title lawyers he had employed—it gave Willie quite a sensation of grandeur to employ title lawyers—reported that the titles were all right. By Wednesday noon, then, Willie was prepared to invest as much money as he could worm out of Dudley Hills.

But by Wednesday noon, also, it was time and more than time to get ready for his dinner at the Everglades Club that night. He managed to look in at the Chance Club in the afternoon, but Dudley Hills was out. Willie left a note and returned to a conference about the dinner which he was organizing with the expert advice of Mrs. Frizzell.

The worst of these two days was that he had no time to see Helen. They had understood that in advance and told each other that, of course, two days wasn't so long; but it was.

As for Helen, she dutifully stayed away from the Chance Club and killed time by going fishing with her father. Fishing bored her, but he seemed pleased that she was willing to spend her time with him. There hadn't been much of that since the conflict over the Russian prince. And she was rewarded by hearing him say many good things about Willie Bascom.

"This is like old times," he told her, on Wednesday, when they had come back with a good catch and were lunching alone together at home. "Don't suppose we'll have many more parties like this, just by ourselves."

"Why not, Dad?"

"Oh, some of these young fellows will be carrying you off before long. Don't blame them a bit—and I don't blame you. I couldn't hold you at home, and I've got sense enough not to try."

He grinned at her.

"I like Bascom," he told her, abruptly. "Nice boy, with a good business head. None of my business, of course, Helen, but——"

She flushed.

"Oh—I—I suppose you see things, don't you? We—really, I'm crazy about him, Dad. And I guess he is about me. We're engaged, only he's been so busy that we haven't got around to telling people about it yet. We haven't quite decided when we'll be married, but I suppose it will be along about the first of March—unless you think I ought to wait and be married back home."

"Not a bit, my dear. That's your business and not mine. Go ahead and get married as soon as you like. He's exactly the sort of boy I'd have picked myself. In fact, it was because I saw this coming that I let him in on this Fountain River deal. Make it a family matter. If he takes twenty per cent of the stock, I'll give you twenty-nine per cent for a wedding present. Your old Dad will hold on to his majority interest, but he won't cheat you on dividends."

"You're mighty good, Dad."

He shook his head. No need to tell her that, since the Russian episode, he had been convinced that she had a poor taste in lovers and no judgment at all. The sooner she was married to a man he approved the better.

"I suppose he was going to tell me about it pretty soon——"

"Oh, of course, Dad. We—we just—it's rather new, even to us, you know——"

"Of course I know. You're a good little girl, Helen, and a lucky one. Bright fellow, Bascom. None of these fortune hunters."

III.

WILLIE had almost finished dressing for dinner—*his* dinner—the dinner that was to establish him as a part of Palm Beach society—when Dudley Hills came in.

"Got your note," he said. "I'm going down to Long Key tonight—back Friday afternoon; need a little rest away from this lunatic mob. What's up?"

"Oh," said Willie, languidly, "I thought I'd

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

like to borrow a little more money."

"Say, young fellow! You're hitting it up pretty hard. I let you have three thousand only day before yesterday."

"This is for an investment," said Willie.

"You'd better hurry up with that investment. You haven't been looking after it very well in the last two days."

"ON the contrary, that's just what I've been doing. I see where I'm going to make money—so much that I'm jumping at the chance to sign up another note with compound interest at one per cent a month."

"How much do you want?" Hills demanded.

"Fifty thousand."

"Fifty thousand!" The black eyes blazed as Willie had never seen them since he first met Dudley Hills and asked him if he came from Sloanestown. "Fifty thousand! You're crazy. . . . Or maybe you're not; maybe I'm the one that's crazy. What do you want to do with fifty thousand? That's money."

"Invest it in real estate," said Willie.

"Go jump in the lake. I lend you no money to invest in real estate."

"On the contrary," Willie told him, "you've lent me quite a lot—to invest in real estate. I've told you that was what I wanted it for—that and nothing else. Now is the time to invest—a good investment—I've satisfied myself of that."

"Bascom," said Hills solemnly, "I admire the way you think in large figures, but when you pick me for a sucker you're picking wrong. Fifty grand? Why, that's—— You can finish out the season on five thousand at the outside. I'll let you have that, if you're engaged to the Charters girl or if you've got a good start, but——"

"I've told you I wanted this to put into real estate," Willie told him, with cold fury. "I've got a good thing. I can't tell you what it is, or where it is, but for fifty thousand I can buy a fifth interest in a half million dollar corporation, because the man who's offered it to me needs the money. We've got options on some land that's going to jump sky high——"

"But you can't tell me what it is or where it is," Hills sneered. "And today and yesterday the Charters girl went fishing with her father. You haven't been near her. Had a row?"

"No," said Willie, shortly.

"Then are you engaged to her, or are you going to be?"

Now was the time. Hills had sense; Hills knew Florida real estate values. If he told Hills that he and Helen were engaged, Hills

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Are You Sensitive about Your Figure?

Does your mirror deceive you? It does! The eyes of your friends see imperfections that a mirror never shows.

Science has found a way for those who seek beauty. The graceful contour of youth need no longer disappear with age. Beauty laughs at years. The grace of slender beauty has been inspired by science as well as by fashion. Once lost, science can restore the slim, trim beauty of normal weight without unpleasant, costly treatment.

There is a weight that is your weight—your ideal, regardless of your height, age or sex—a weight that marks your public appearance. It accentuates your charms and enables you "to wear clothes well." Do not let your mirror deceive you! Know your ideal weight—**don't guess!**

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One thinks of beauty as something delicate—frail. Yet, persons of beautiful form are usually long-lived. Overweight persons invariably retire from active life early. They show up stronger on life insurance death figures. They are common prey to disease and premature old age.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

would keep the secret; if Hills knew that, and knew that Charters was letting Willie in on one of his real estate deals, Hills would let him have the fifty thousand——

"Are you engaged to her?" Hills repeated. "You know why I lent you money. You were running around with her all the time. Have you got her?"

"No, damn you; no!" Rigid and trembling, Willie leaned toward him, his eyes blazing. "No, I'm not engaged to her; I'll never be engaged to her. She's the most wonderful girl in the world, and I'm not fit to look at her or touch her fingers. I'm a crook, a bluff, a false front. Do you think I'd have the nerve to ask her to marry me?"

"You? You'd have the nerve to go up and ask Mellon for the United States gold reserve. You have got the nerve to ask me for fifty grand to sink in some real estate speculation; but you haven't got the nerve to ask the Charters girl to marry you. Hell! You've asked her and she's turned you down. Certainly you are a crook, a bluff, and a false front, but I suppose I let myself in for it. I thought you had the sort of manner that would get the women, but evidently you couldn't get away with it. Not another nickel from me, young man; not another nickel from me."

"What, no more?" said Willie, suavely. "You've lent me three thousand already. You've given me the lease of this apartment, which you might have sold for twenty-five hundred more. If you'll lend me this fifty thousand you'll get all that back, with interest. But if you don't——"

"SON, you can't work that on an old gambler. I haven't been in this game thirty years without knowing when to take my loss and quit. Only, in this list of my benefactions, there's one you've forgotten. I cashed your check. And it hasn't come through."

"It hasn't had time to come through. It had to go from Palm Beach to San Diego, from San Diego to Sloanestown, and all the way back. That takes time."

"Quite right. That takes time. And I have no doubt that is precisely why you suggested that I send it to San Diego. I'm afraid it was all a romance, that little story about being afraid of the Sloanestown police. But you want to look out for the Palm Beach police, Bascom. I don't like to be trimmed. I admire a man who does it fairly, but you fooled me with your play for the Charters girl. You're through, young fellow. I'm going to tell people what you are."

Willie grinned at him.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, Mr. Hills. You've sunk a lot of money in me that you may get back if you let me alone, but certainly won't get back if you show me up now. Besides, who started me in Palm Beach? Who introduced me to Frizzell, and Grandby, and Charters? Who told everybody that I was the son of an oil millionaire? They won't like it, Mr. Hills, if they find out that you were only—only playing leap frog. They may be sore at me, but they'll be sorer at you. Better let me alone and give me a chance to pay you back."

Hills bowed ironically.

"I see your point. Needless to say, young fellow, I don't want to see any more of you, unless some day when I'm passing through Joliet, or Michigan City, or Ossining I may want to stop off and call on old friends. Or unless you can still land the Charters girl. If you do that I'll invest a little more in you. Otherwise, not a nickel. You have cost me enough already."

"I've told you," said Willie, with dignity, "that there's nothing in that at all. And now I must ask you to excuse me. I'm having some friends in to dinner at the Everglades Club."

IV.

SO, the house of cards was toppling—toppling when the truth would have saved it; toppling because he had told a lie. Willie looked at his bank book. Since he hadn't bought the car, he still had about thirty-five hundred dollars. But he owed Hills three thousand—owed, or would owe after tonight's dinner, perhaps two thousand more at shops and clubs. He was considerably worse than bankrupt, nor was there, immediately visible, any way of making any money at all, even if Hills didn't insist on immediate repayment. Meanwhile, there was Philip Charters expecting him to invest fifty thousand or more. All this because he had told a lie and said he wasn't engaged to Helen.

Yet he felt that his soul would have been damned forever if, in those particular circumstances, he hadn't lied.

As he greeted his guests in the Everglades Club, however, nobody would have known that he had a trouble in the world. For now, more than ever, he must put up a front; and tonight, for the first time in two days, he was going to see Helen. Astounding that they must, and could, greet each other as if she were no more than any of his other guests; deliciously exciting to catch her eye, now and then, to feel that they had a secret.

Not wholly a secret at that. She slipped to his side during the preliminary round of cocktails and whispered:

"I told Dad. Or, rather, he'd guessed it, and I told him it was so. All right?"

"Of course it's all right," Willie assured her; but he felt a sinking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Write Dept. L for folder, "The Hidden Dining Room".

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

of the heart. This, if not the final, was, at any rate, the semi-final disaster. If Charters knew they were engaged, Charters would want to know something about him; exposure couldn't be delayed much longer.

No use thinking about that now. He must be cheerful and cordial to his guests—guests at such a dinner as Sloanestown had never seen, even in the movies; such a dinner as Willie, even with his book of etiquette education, could never have conceived, much less given, without the collaboration of Mrs. Frizzell. He liked these people; they liked him. The white pants had given him his chance to meet them; and, in loyalty to the white pants and the self-made fortune that they symbolized, it was Willie Bascom's duty to make his guests happy, to play his hand out. Perhaps his luck would hold and find him some way of escape. If not——

Again he told himself that there was no point in thinking of that now.

HELEN had been diverted by Mrs. Grandby; Charters came up to him.

"Bascom, I—I suppose I ought to begin to call you Bill. Helen tells me that you're going—that you young people are——"

"I'd meant to tell you myself, Mr. Charters, but things have been rather in a rush——"

"That's all right, boy. I just wanted to tell you, now, that I'm satisfied. Ever since—er—well, for a couple of years I've been afraid she'd marry some prince or count or some other slick-haired fortune hunter. Thank the Lord she's going to marry somebody of her own kind, with a business head. But we'll talk all this over when things aren't in—so much of a rush. And now about Fountain River? Are you in?"

"It looks good, Mr. Charters. But I don't know if I can——"

"Why don't you know?" Willie knew that his answer must be prompt; he seized upon the first idea.

"I—I'm waiting for a telegram from Chicago. I'll let you know in the morning."

In the morning. The phrase struck coldly on his ears; but—anything to keep from spoiling the party tonight.

"You like the looks of the proposition?" Charters insisted.

"Oh, yes. I think I'm in all right." It could do no harm to make Charters happy this evening. Tomorrow would be time enough to break the news.

"Tomorrow"—would it bring Willie's exposure as a false front, impostor, and fraud, and suffering to the girl he loved? You will find the answer in next week's installment.

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A Pure Breath

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THERE is no question any more about bad breath. Years ago, it may have been unavoidable. Today, it's judged unpardonable.

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May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; dainty little tablets that you carry with you.

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Not a mere perfume; for that simply cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid purifier that can only be used at home. May Breath supplies constant protection in the most convenient way.

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Bad breath comes from so many causes that scarcely one person in fifty escapes it at one time or another.

Stomach disorders may cause it, or food fermenting between the teeth. Certain foods and drinks are peculiarly apt to cause it. Smoking is a chief offender.

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The Mid-Season Modes *Are* Wearable!

by Corinne Lowe

THE wearability of today's models is illustrated by this frock of flat crepe in gray, which is worn with a small black hat.

WHEN M. Patou, the famous French designer, visited America last autumn he uttered a number of noteworthy dressograms. Among these may be mentioned first his leading motivation in the creation of clothes for any client.

"When a woman comes to me," said M. Patou, "and asks me to make her a frock my first thought is: Should I myself like to be seen with a woman wearing a gown like the one she desires?"

It is a pertinent and humane thought and one which obviously is not limited to Patou. For the salient feature of recent modes is their wearability. In the best offerings of Paris and New York we find models devoid of any flambuoyancy, models that rely upon beauty of fabric and exquisite detail of workmanship. Here, in a word, is the kind of attire which will not afflict the most delicate of masculine susceptibilities. Any man may be seen in the society of present-day fashions without a single nervous tremor as to whether people may say, "Just look at that woman!"

The silhouette of mid-winter remains practically the same. Here again M. Patou has summed up the leading ideal of chic.

"When a woman sits down," says he, "she should resemble a pencil. Only when she moves should one detect any flare of the skirt."

Inspired by this ideal, the designers are marking time — with the pencil—and their energy has gone into a development of the autumn's themes—the godet, flounce, tunics, plaits, tiers, and draperies.

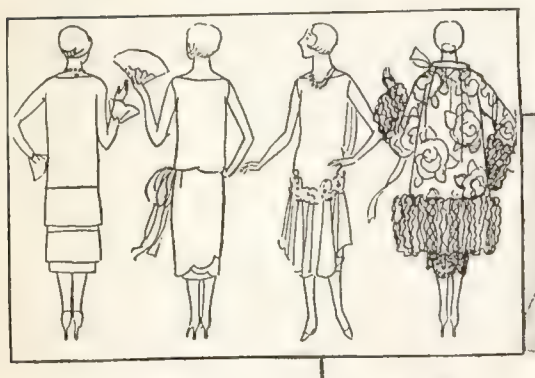
Hand in hand with such fugues on the silhouette has gone a good deal of experiment in the way of fabric and trimming. Rodier has been working on his kashas and has produced some brand new effects with a shiny design. Patou is perfecting his Frisotta, a sport fabric which, combining silk and wool, is woven by hand on his own looms. And all the other fabric originators have been bringing out crepes distinguished by beautiful designs. The present trend of fashion is, in fact, toward materials so exclusive in weave and pattern that they cannot be imitated.

A similar insurance against duplication is taken out in trimming details. Yteb, for example, showed during her visit to this country a number of models which were hand painted. A beautiful white velvet evening coat painted with those naive and brilliant designs which we find on Russian utensils of wood, and chiffon dance frocks decorated with wavy lines of brilliant color—here are characteristic examples of Mme. Yteb's decorative note.

The shaded or ombre effects are still on the bright side of fashion. One of the newest of such effects is found in the ombre wools sometimes used as trimming details on beige kasha sport frocks of the two-piece variety. On this page we are illustrating the shaded note in a very effective coat of black georgette decorated with red and yellow flowers and bluish-green leaves. These three colors are echoed in the clipped ostrich bordering the coat and forming the deep cuffs.

For the wearable afternoon frocks of today crepe is used more zealously than ever before. Flat crepe is especially smart, although in saying this no disparagement is cast upon georgette, satin-back, and all the other members of the crepe clan. At the upper left a gray flat crepe is shown which, in its treatment of flat pieces both back and front, informs you how little outside help has to be called in on one of these smart, simple crepe frocks of today.

For evening wear chiffon, both plain and patterned, composes many of the loveliest dance models. Even here, however, crepe is not extinguished and those models contrasting the plain and lustrous sides of satin-back crepe are especially significant.



SAPPHIRE chiffon here displays a mid-season variability of mood in its tier effect. A narrow sash of self-material defines the waist. Next, soft satin in the blonde tint combines with black rep in a charming afternoon model. Third, a coat of black georgette with ties of heavy double-faced black satin ribbon is printed in red and yellow flowers surrounded by bluish-green leaves. These three colors are repeated in the border and in the cuffs of clipped ostrich.

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It is this continued remarkable performance that has created such a tremendous demand for Crosley Radios. And it is this great popularity that now allows us to decrease our production costs and pass this large saving along to you.

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"This is Nature's own safe dainty lotion and whitener—no need for artificial kinds. Most moving picture actresses use this method as I do to get the best results. See how it removes stains.

"Keep half a lemon handy in a saucer by the sink or wash bowl. Use it daily and have attractive, pretty hands. Begin tonight. You'll be delighted with the way your hands improve no matter how good looking they are now.

"The richest juice, best for the hands, comes from California Lemons. Be sure to get this kind. All first-class dealers sell them."

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Please send me free book, "Toilet Uses For The Lemon," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

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BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* Children

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

She Learned a New Lesson

Beth was about five and had frequently watched her father shave with his straight-blade razor. One day she came downstairs crying, with two small cuts on her face from which blood had been smeared pretty well over both her hands and her face, and when her mother ran to her asking what was the matter, she said, "I thought daddy's razor was a shaver, I didn't know it was a cutter."—B. H., Des Moines, Ia.

* * *

Now That Was Strange

Nellie had been taken by her mother to a woman's club luncheon and on being asked by her father what she had seen there, replied: "I saw Mrs. Smith wouldn't eat potatoes and Mrs. Armstrong wouldn't eat potatoes, and Mrs. Williams wouldn't eat potatoes."

"But, why?" questioned father.

"Oh, they said potatoes would make them fat, but do you know, every one of them was fat already!"—G. D. H., Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

She Didn't Feaze Him

The small son had acquired a hammer and a keen appetite for nails—to be hammered. His mother wasn't enthusiastic about his penchant for hammering nails into the veranda and turned a deaf ear to his repeated requests for another nail. Finally she turned on him and said:

"Now that's a dozen times this morning you've asked me for a nail."

"Yes'm," he answered, "an' it's a dozen times you haven't gimme any."—T. W., Toronto, Ont., Can.

* * *

Now—How'll She Do It?

Anna May, aged 10, had been teased for some time by a bachelor friend of her father, and at a dinner party remarked that he was waiting for her; that they had an understanding. Anna May, out of humor on this occasion, replied:

"Well, you needn't wait for me. I don't intend to marry and I don't intend to be an old maid, either. I'm going to be a widow."—W. D. L., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

How Strange of That Hen!

Margie had been out in the yard playing with some newly-hatched chickens and came running into the kitchen.

"Mother, aren't those little chickens ours?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Well, that old hen thinks they're hers."—G. S., Denver, Colo.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 51

A BRUSH FOR WAVING HAIR!

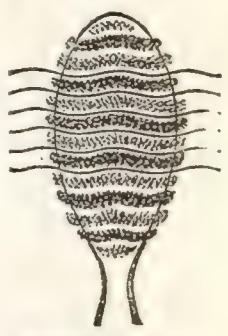
Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientifically formed brush!

If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the new brush that brushes in waves. Any hair may be brush-waved with ease; for proof, see offer.

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No special skill in using, just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way.

All hair requires ten to fifteen minutes daily brushing to keep it healthy, or even clean. So the brush-wave means no extra time nor trouble; all you need is the right brush. It's ready in limited quantity now—it is called Wavex—costs no more because of the waving feature—a fine quality, *genuine ebony* brush with real *boar bristles.*

OLD STYLE brush straightens the hair—



WAVEX brushes in waves!

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. A thousand Wavex brushes are reserved and ready for this announcement. If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect that all dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate, and if your hair is bobbed you'll find the Wavex brush a joy indeed; it saves the bother of almost daily clipping of scraggly ends; saves many times its cost in fees for constant waving.

1,000 Curling Hair Brushes To Be Distributed for Test

Until all drug stores can be supplied, the makers of Wavex will distribute to readers direct. One brush only, at the special price of $3 to each who makes immediate use of the coupon printed below.

Send no money unless you prefer; you save the postage if you do. But either way, a week's trial is absolutely without risk—with every penny returned if you don't get results that make you glad and grateful. Doubt it if you like, but *try it!* Mail the coupon!

(93A) THE WAVEX COMPANY,
456 South State Street, Chicago

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's demonstration, which must sell me or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman $3 and postage. *(Or enclose $3 now and get brush prepaid.)*

Name .....

Address .....

ELABORATE FASHIONS ARE NO LONGER TOLERATED

By PATRICIA

WOMAN'S gradual entrance into sports and other activities is no doubt accountable for the severe tailored styles of the day. Elaborate and intricate fashions may have served our grandmothers, but unnecessary furbelows and ruffles are not to be tolerated in this day of simplicity and freedom.

Women realize that in order to keep youth and figure, walking is to be preferred to riding. So, quite naturally, skirts adapt themselves to the requirements of the age. Nowadays we do not have to look wan and delicate to command attention from chivalrous men. The narrow waistlines of yesterday were enough to make any woman look and feel ill. Today, it's health that counts and fashions are created to meet the requirements of comfort.

Striped flannel trimmed with plain is suggested for the smartly tailored frock shown in pattern No. 2304. Notice that it exploits the popular vogue for button trimming. Wool jersey, hair-line twill, camel's-hair twill, and kasha are also suitable. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 42-inch material with 1¼ yards of 32-inch contrasting.

Both the dull and lustrous sides of crepe satin are used for the dress in pattern No. 2300. The patterns are cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 44-inch material. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 718, which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Of flowered silk or taffeta, the youthful design shown in pattern No. 2298 would make a lovely frock to wear when you wish to be rather dressed-up. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with ⅜ yard 30-inch contrasting.

The tunic is a dominant feature in fashions this season. A version of the tunic style which will be found particularly becoming to the older woman, whether slim or stout, who wants to appear somewhat younger than her years, is shown in pattern No. 2310. The tunic can be made of the same material as that portion of the skirt which is exposed, or it can be of cloth over a slip of satin. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material with 1⅜ yards 30-inch contrasting and ⅞ yard 20-inch lining.

The becoming and modish shawl collar and wrappy effect below the waistline are imported style features of design No. 2301. The pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure, is suitable for kasha, twill, rep, camel's hair, ribbed silks, black satin, and heavy crepes. The 36-inch size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material with ⅞ yard 20-inch contrasting.

Do you want to write for the movies?

$10,000 *paid unknown writer for just one story*

TEN thousand dollars! That was the sum paid Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, for her story, *Broken Chains*, which won the first prize in the contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another student of the Palmer Institute of Authorship, won the second prize in this same contest, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

A Palmer student wrote *Judgment of the Storm*, and another wrote *The White Sin*. Both of these pictures were produced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation and are now appearing in motion picture theatres throughout the country. Each author received $1000 cash and will also receive a share in the profits.

The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves well-known authors and motion picture writers.

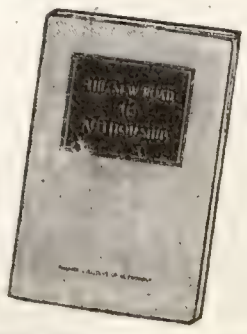
You learn to write by writing. You are given the manuscript and continuity of famous motion picture scenarios to analyze and study *right at home in spare time*. You write actual stories and photoplays which we help you to sell through our Story Sales Department right here in Hollywood.

Serving on the Advisory Council of the Palmer Institute are the following distinguished men: Frederick Palmer, author and educator; Clayton Hamilton, well-known playwright and author-educator; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Yale and Columbia Universities; Frederic Taber Cooper, author-educator; Russell Doubleday, publisher; C. Gardner Sullivan, screen writer and director; James R. Quirk, editor of *Photoplay Magazine*, and Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director.

Send for this Free Creative Test

The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it accepts only a limited number of students for its home-study courses and seeks only those who have natural creative ability and can profit by its instruction.

To enable you to find out quickly if you possess this ability, the Palmer Institute will gladly send you its Creative Test—the most novel means ever devised for discovering latent writing talent. Our Board of Examiners will study your replies to this test and give you a frank analysis of your abilities. The filling out of this Creative Test, our analysis and subsequent training, have enabled scores of Palmer students to sell stories and photoplays. There is no charge for this test and you incur no obligation in sending for it. It is simply an expression of the sincerity of our search for new writers.



PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Dept. 64-P, Palmer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your Creative Test, your 96-page book, "The New Road to Authorship," and your Bulletin containing details of the Palmer Scholarship Foundation, which awards 50 Free Scholarships annually. I am most interested in

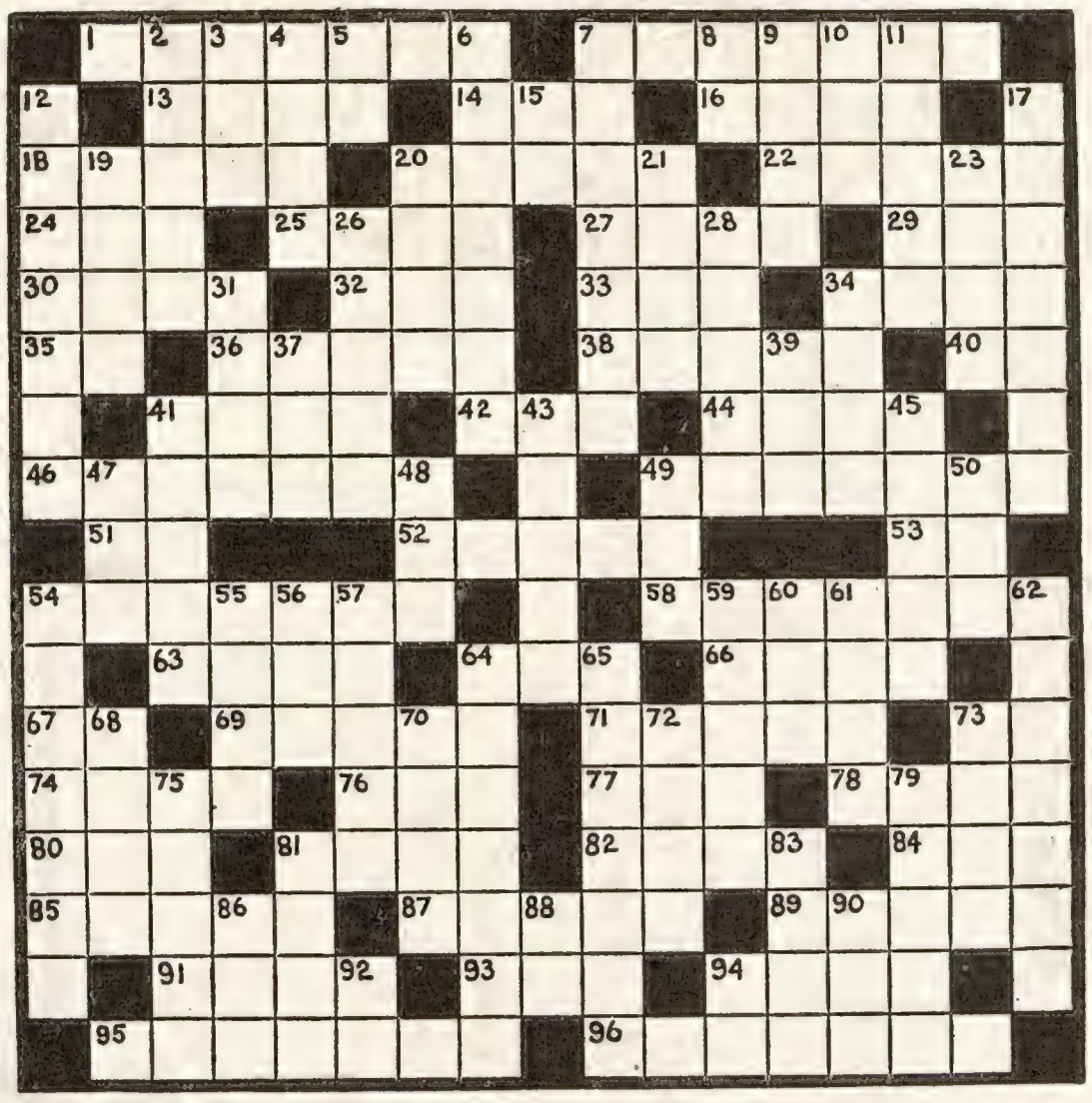
☐ Photoplay Writing ☐ Short Story Writing
☐ English Expression ☐ Business Letter Writing

Name.....

Address.....

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 15

IS YOUR mental agility improving? If you are a Liberty puzzler, we are sure it is. Keep your eyes on this week's cerebrum exerciser. There are some words that might trip you. For instance, what's a sleeveless garment worn by the Arabs? It's an "aba"! Don't miss these weekly puzzles. Keep fit!

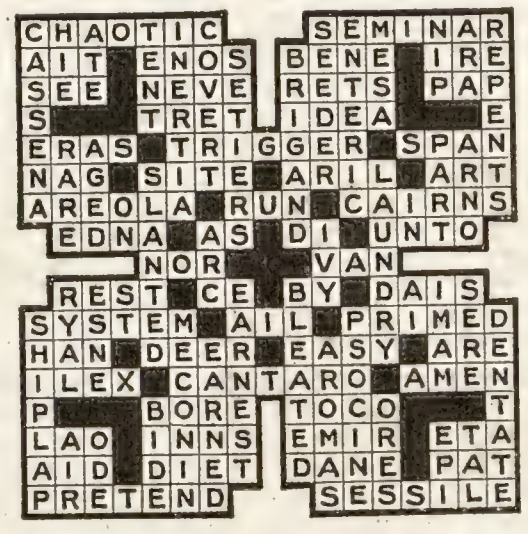


HORIZONTAL

1 In Shakespeare's "Tempest," a deformed slave
7 Language of a Malayan race
13 A slender, cylindrical stick
14 Sleeveless garment worn by Arabs
16 A Roman poet
18 Shaped like a segment
20 Remains of buildings
22 A period of time
24 A hewing implement
25 Eager
27 A rent
29 A hind or doe
30 A writing table
32 Hurrah!
33 To equip with weapons of defense
34 In geology, a ridge [plural]
35 Within
36 Separately
38 Extremely violent
40 A measure of weight [abbr.]
41 To slide without rotating
42 An affirmative
44 To direct a publication
46 Handled successfully or coped with
49 Passage through or over
51 The Egyptian sun god
52 Character of a Shakespearean tragedy
53 Indefinite article
54 Vaporous
58 Delays
63 To surfeit
64 Possessive pronoun
66 A gypsy [plural]
67 Not
69 To pretend
71 To clear of moral defilement
73 A syllable sounded in solmization
74 Salutation [plural]
76 Came into possession of
77 A primate
78 An authoritative standard
80 A numeral
81 To snarl
82 To proceed slowly
84 To shorten by cutting
85 To inhume
87 Changes of direction
89 The space next the keelson in the bottom of a ship
91 A county of western New York
93 A river of England and northern Wales
94 Feminine proper name
95 A hand bomb
96 Demise

VERTICAL

2 A measure of 43,560 square feet [plural]
3 A medieval type of lyric poem
4 One of a South American tribe of Indians
5 To partake of reality
6 Mischievous
7 The blare of a trumpet or horn
8 To pass from one place to another
9 To affirm with confidence
10 The edge or margin of a hollow vessel
11 Scent [plural]
12 An ancient Greek measure of length
15 Prefix of the general sense of two
17 A drink common in the East
19 Domestic bovine quadrupeds
20 To bellow
21 Serous fluid [plural]
23 Combustible mineral substance
26 Rate of ascent or descent
28 A yellowish translucent resin
31 A New Zealand parrot
34 The supreme deity of Norse mythology
37 A rough casting of iron or lead
39 A mountain near the site of ancient Troy
41 Thin, small, crisp cakes
43 An ant
45 Autocratic rulers
47 In Greek mythology, a goddess of vengeance
48 Quaint as to tone or manner
49 A rocky pinnacle
50 A State of the U. S. [abbr.]
54 Fond of or living by hunting
55 Simpletons
56 Indian of an important Shoshonean tribe
57 To exercise sovereign power
59 Deviated from the true course
60 To dress
61 Word of solemn ratification
62 Performed in an imperfect manner
64 To encroach
65 Deposited eggs for propagation
68 Part of a stove
70 A ruminant
72 A tree of Java
73 A batrachian
75 To take up or begin upon a task
79 Spanish cooking vessel [plural]
81 A broad smile
83 A Central American tree, the seeds of which yield oil
86 Prior
88 In law, in or of the thing or matter
90 In Babylonian mythology, a god of pestilence
92 Commercial abbreviation for "everyone"
94 Abbreviation for a certain metric measure of content



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Tantalizing Tunes

Lights aglow; room for two; a wonderful girl, and the soft sweet song of your

BUESCHER
True Tone Saxophone

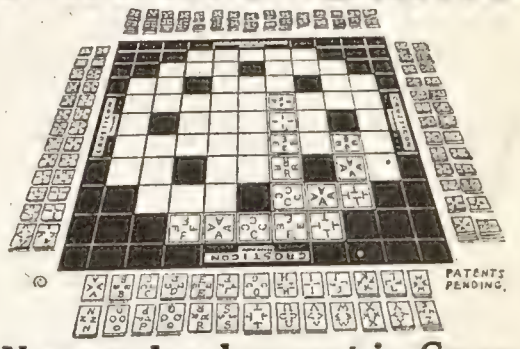
It's easy. You can learn to play a Buescher in no time. Three free lessons start you. Before you know it you're playing the popular tunes and from then on it's one round of pleasure. Write for our offer of 6 days' free trial in your own home. No obligation. Just send a postal. Do it today.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
470 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

Free!
Beautiful 64 page Saxophone book. Shows how easy you can learn to play. Many pictures. Write for your free copy.

Easy to Play - Easy to Pay

CROSTICON
Trade Mark
CROSSWORD
Puzzle Game



Newest development in Crosswording. Fun for everyone. Puts the crossword puzzle on a competitive basis and scores by points. A fascinating way for two or more to spend the evening. The rules are simple but there is a great chance for skill.

Crosticon comes packed in a neat, decorative box, with full directions printed inside the cover. The game consists of 300 men in four individual trays and a heavy, bound folding board.

Complete for **$1.00** Postpaid

Send $1.00 today and we will ship game postpaid.

CROSTICON CO., Inc.
Dept. L, 11 E. 14th St., N. Y. C.

Edible Valentines—*By Ethel M. Somers*

FOR the children, Saint Valentine's Day is one of the big events in the short but merry month of February. Sentiment, especially in their behalf, calls for a spirited celebration of this day. Tradition requires that the day be full of happiness and fun. Edible valentines will be fun for children to make or to watch being made. They may be merely heart-shaped cookies made quickly and simply from any rolled cookie dough, sprinkled with red sugar or decorated more elaborately, perhaps, with ornamental frosting.

A rolled cookie dough is, in reality, the result of a butter cake recipe, with the liquid reduced to one-fourth of a cup, and the requirement of baking powder reduced one-half, together with the addition of a sufficient quantity of flour to produce a mixture which may be handled and rolled on a lightly floured board. You may, in fact, originate a recipe of your own by reducing, in this fashion, your favorite butter cake recipe. These favorite cookies will be one of three types: a soft cookie which dries out quickly on standing; a wrinkled, crisper cookie which softens on standing; or a richer, crisper cookie which remains quite crisp—each of these, in turn, resulting from the use of a cheap cake, a plain cake, or a rich cake recipe in your reduction process. The recipes given on this page were selected from these three types or classes of cookies, giving thus three fundamental recipes with their variations.

FUNDAMENTAL COOKIE RECIPES

(Each recipe will make 3½ dozen cookies)

Rolled Cookies—I

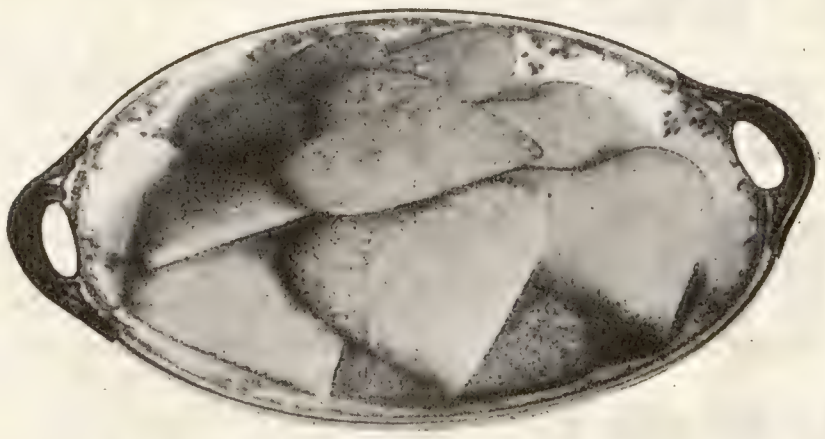
(A soft cookie which should be eaten when fresh)

- 3¾ to 4 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups sugar
- ⅓ cup butter or substitute
- 1 teaspoon flavoring
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 egg

Rolled Cookies—II

(A crisper cookie which softens on standing)

- 3¾ to 4 cups flour
- 2½ teaspoons of baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups sugar
- ½ cup butter or substitute
- 1 or 2 eggs
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon flavoring



A dish of heart-shaped cookies especially suited for Valentine's Day.

Rolled Cookies—III

(A crisp cookie which remains crisp)

- 3¾ to 4 cups flour
- 1½ to 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¾ cup butter or substitute
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 or 3 eggs
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon flavoring

CREAM the butter well, gradually working in one-half of the sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs and remaining sugar and beat the mixture thoroughly. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the flavoring which may be all vanilla or all lemon or one-third teaspoon lemon extract plus one-third teaspoon vanilla plus one-third teaspoon nutmeg or one-half teaspoon orange extract plus one-half teaspoon lemon extract, or one-fourth teaspoon almond extract, to the milk. Add the milk and dry ingredients alternately, working or beating the dough after each addition so as to keep a smooth, uniform mixture. Cut or knead in the last of the flour and roll out on a lightly floured board. (A soft cookie dough gives a delicate cookie. Do not knead in too much flour, but rather handle the dough as soft as is possible. Chilling the dough before rolling will make handling easier.) The soft rolled cookies are best rolled to one-fourth of an inch thickness and the crisp cookies II and III, to one-eighth of an inch thickness. Cut out in any desired shape and bake on a cookie sheet in a hot oven, 390° F., for eight to ten minutes, or until browned.

SUGAR COOKIES may be made from the above recipes by sprinkling the rolled out dough with sugar, either white or colored, and rolling this in gently with a rolling pin before cutting out the cookies.

SOUR MILK OR SOUR CREAM COOKIES may be made by using one-half cup of thick sour milk or cream in place of the sweet milk, and adding one-fourth teaspoon baking soda. If sour cream is used, reduce the quantity of fat, using two-thirds of the amount called for in the recipe.

GINGER COOKIES may be made by using three-fourths cup of brown sugar and three-fourths cup of molasses instead of the one and one-half cups of sugar, adding one-fourth teaspoon of soda, one and one-half teaspoons ginger and one and one-half teaspoons allspice or two teaspoons cinnamon. Since the molasses is liquid, more flour will have to be added or the quantity of milk used in the original recipe cut in half. The latter method will produce a richer cookie.

COCONUT COOKIES. Sprinkle the rolled-out cookie dough with shredded coconut and roll it in gently with the rolling pin before cutting out the cookies.

FILLED COOKIES may be made by rolling the dough into a thin sheet and cutting pairs of cookies. Spread one-half of these cookies with filling (see recipe given herewith). Then dampen the outer edge and cover with another cookie, pressing the edges firmly together to prevent the filling from cooking out. Bake as for plain cookies.

Fruit Filling

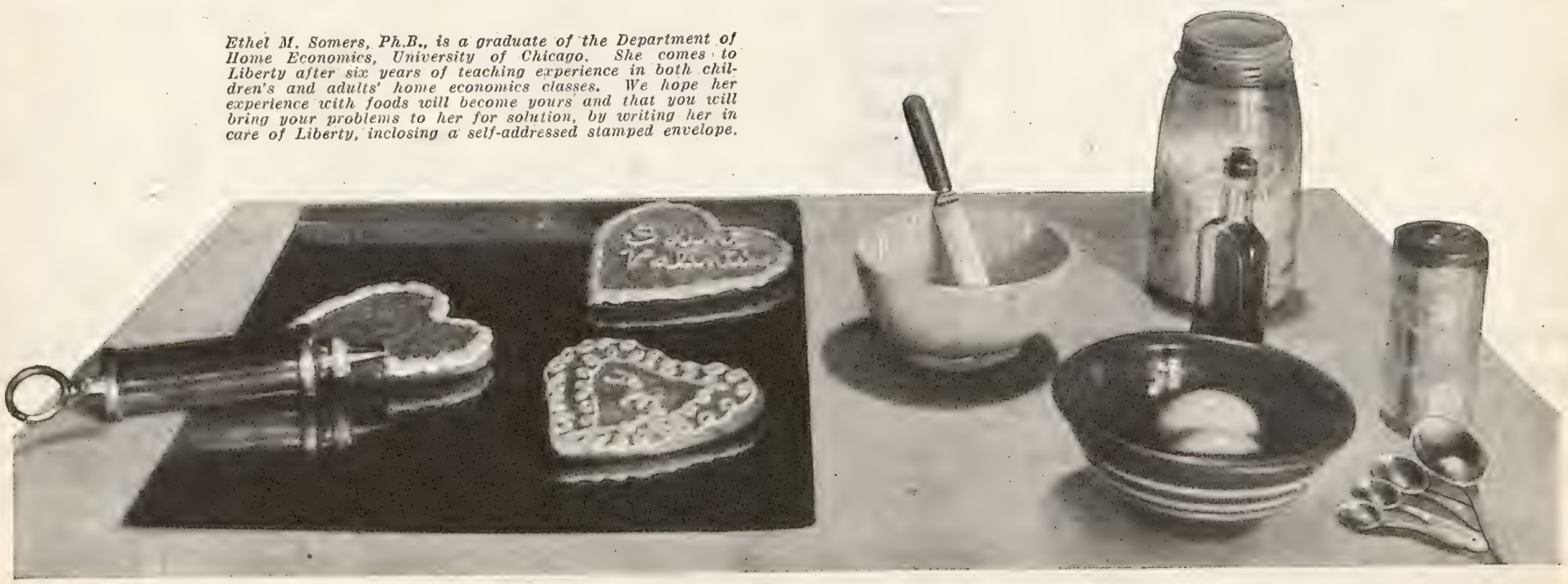
- ½ cup white corn sirup, or sirup made by boiling ½ cup water and ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped raisins
- ¼ cup of chopped nut meats, if desired
- ⅛ teaspoon salt

COOK the ingredients, stirring constantly, until the mixture is thick enough to be used as a cake filling. One beaten egg may be stirred in just before removing the mixture from the fire. The addition of egg improves the mixture if it is to be used as a cake filling, but is unessential for a cookie filling though, of course, it adds food value. Dates, figs, cooked prunes or apricots, or any marmalade, conserve, or jam may be used instead of the raisins.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES may be made by using fresh peanut butter as a filling.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES may be made by adding three ounces of melted chocolate to the creamed butter and sugar when mixing the cookies or by adding three-eighths cup of cocoa when sifting the dry ingredients. Vanilla is the preferred flavoring with chocolate. The addition of one-half to one cup nut meats to chocolate cookies will produce still another variety.

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.



Decorating the finished cookies with appropriate Valentine designs.

J. R Head
of Kansas has made as high as $69.50 in a single day.

E. A. Sweet
of Michigan cleaned up $1200 profit in one month.

W. S. Cooper
of Ohio has averaged over $5000 a year for the past five years.

you too can earn $200 a week

I will show you how, without investment, experience or training, you can make $800 in 30 days and be on the way to be a big success.

If you make less than $100 a week, write to me at once and I will show you how you can more than double your income. You can be your own boss and work wherever or whenever you please—two, three, six hours a day. You can make from $4 to $10 every hour you work, and inside of 30 days own a thriving, prosperous business without investing a cent.

Just as Simple as A, B, C

I am one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade Raincoats and Topcoats in America. My coats are *not* sold in stores. In every community I appoint a representative to handle my business. My representative does not have to pay rent or salaries. All the profit he makes he keeps.

People like to buy direct from the factory, for all the money saved by selling this way is passed on to the customer. They know all about Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats. They know they are big bargains. It is a common thing for my representatives to make $20 in a single day and every dollar they make is net profit.

J. R. Head of Kansas made $69.50 clear profit in a single day; R. W. Krieger made $20 in half an hour; George Garon cleared $40 profit his very first day. And I am now offering you a chance to become my representative, call on my customers, send me their orders and make $200 a week in this pleasant, dignified work.

Build Up a Permanent, Profitable Business For Yourself

Don't think this is a temporary proposition. You will soon find that your business grows week by week and month by month. You can make as much money as you want, depending on how much time you devote to this proposition. E. A. Sweet of Michigan made $1200 for one month's work; A. B. Spencer earned $625 in one month's spare time; W. J. McCrary quit a $2 a day job and has made $16,800 in the past three years. That gives you some idea of the money Comer men are making. You can do it, too, for I not only furnish you with all the information you need, but tell you where to go, what to say and how to make money.

You Get Your Money at Once

If you will mail the coupon at once, I will explain how I will arrange things so that you will get your profit the same day you earn it. If you make $30 in one day, you will have that $30 in cash in the evening of the same day. I deliver the coats and collect the money due. When you drop an order into the mail box you are through and you have your profits in your pocket.

Don't Send Any Money

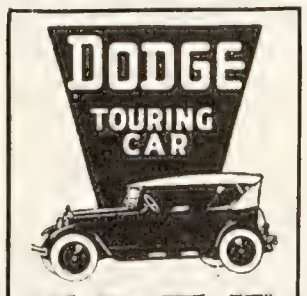
You don't have to invest any money and you don't have to put up any capital. Selling experience is not necessary, but if you have it, so much the better. Some of my most successful representatives, who are now making from $100 to $200 a week, never had any previous experience of this kind.

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to start on this proposition, even if you can only devote an hour or two a day to it. I have paid thousands and thousands of dollars in cash to the readers of this publication who are now my representatives. The sooner you join our organization the sooner you will have an opportunity to become a member of the Comer Thousand-a-Month Club and be offered thousands of dollars in cash bonuses in addition to your regular income.

Don't Delay—Get Started

Don't wait until some one else gets in ahead of you. Just mail the coupon and I will start you in a permanent, profitable, honorable and pleasant business that will bring you a bigger income than the average merchant, doctor, lawyer or banker. I will make it possible for you to earn $200 a week without working as hard as you do now. Don't miss this chance. Clip the coupon and mail it to me right away. This is the big money-making opportunity you have been waiting for.

C. E COMER,
The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 97-F, Dayton, Ohio.



FREE

In addition to your earnings, we offer as a bonus a Dodge Touring Car *Free*. Mail the coupon *now*.

MAIL THIS NOW

The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. 97-F, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me, without expense or obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition. Tell me how I can make from $50 to $200 a week.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Print or Write Plainly

A New Portrait of Lincoln

AN unusual stroke of fortune enables Liberty to commemorate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln by presenting the hitherto unpublished photograph of the great Emancipator reproduced on the cover of this issue.

Added interest is lent the photograph by the circumstances under which it was taken. It dates from 1857, the year after Lincoln first was mentioned as a possible Republican candidate for President in the 1860 election. Lincoln was in Chicago, arguing a case in the United States Circuit Court, and various members of the Chicago bar requested photographs.

Lincoln accordingly went with Joseph Medill to Alexander Hesler, a Chicago photographer. Mr. Hesler attempted to smooth the sitter's hair; but Lincoln, not liking the result, rumpled his hair and bade the photographer go ahead. The result was an unusually striking photograph of Lincoln as he actually appeared at the time, in the prime of life, before the cares of Civil War had carved the deep lines in his face with which later photographs have made us familiar.

The negative of the photograph was destroyed in the Chicago fire. Liberty is indebted to Mr. Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago, owner of an extensive collection of Lincoln photographs, for the story of the picture and permission to reproduce it.

GHOST

By James Kevin McGuinness.

Empty the old house looms,
Solemn in shuttered close;
Yet in the garden blooms,
Lover-like still, a rose.

Soft in the evening's hush
Is it the wind astir,
Rustles beside the bush,
Or the silk gown of Her?

WHAT HE NEEDED

A smartly dressed young man entered an optician's shop and asked to be shown some glasses. He was given a pair, but, finding them unsuitable, he remarked: "What'll you do, as these don't suit?"

"Well, I'll give you a stronger pair."

"Well — er — and if they don't suit?"

"Then I'll give you a stronger pair still."

"And if they fail," inquired the young man, "what would you advise me to do?"

"Oh," snapped the optician, "get an intelligent dog and a yard of string."

I need 100 MEN who can earn $500.00 a month

Here is an opportunity for you to join the most successful, biggest money-making sales organization in the world. Here is an opportunity for you to step into a position that will pay you amazingly big profits *immediately*. We need 100 additional Fyr-Fyter salesmen—and we need them QUICK. If you are of only average ability; if you can simply tell the story we give you; and if you have the ambition and desire to make real money—you can easily make from $300 to $500 a month.

Here's The Proof

J. W. Trantum, of Conn., without any previous selling experience, has made as much as $167.25 a week, and he is just getting started. C. E. Hickey, of Ontario, has cleaned up $148 in a single day. T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, is averaging over $600 a month right along. That gives you some idea of the money Fyr-Fyter salesmen are making and there is no reason in the world why you can't equal or exceed these big earnings.

Big, Natural Demand

Point your finger in any direction—and there is a live prospect for Fyr-Fyter. That is the secret—the reason why Fyr-Fyter salesmen are making so much money—and are making it so easily and quickly. Fyr-Fyter is a device which means fire prevention. It has the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters. It can be used in factories, public buildings, homes, automobiles, garages, stores, churches, schools and hospitals—*wherever there is inflammable material*. That is why W. E. Saal found it easy to make $100 in six hours; why P. W. Lemons crashed through with a profit of $792 in one month—and that is why you too can enjoy an excellent income as a Fyr-Fyter salesman.

Write for Full Particulars

This big profit opportunity is waiting for you, no matter where you live. Mail the coupon at once. Let me tell you how we train you to become a fire-prevention expert; how we equip you to go out and make big money at once. Let me tell you how you have a chance to make $300, $400, $500—up to $1,000 a month—regardless of what you are now doing. Sign and mail the coupon and I will send you this valuable information free. You risk nothing.

The Fyr-Fyter Company
699 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.,
Dayton, Ohio

Approved by (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories

MAIL NOW

The Fyr-Fyter Co.,
699 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Send me full information regarding your wonderful proposition. Tell me how I can become the fire provention expert in my community with a chance to make $500 a month.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

It Was a Tough Night for Romance but Adventure Ran

HIGH!

TAKE a peek, folks, at the coupon on the right. You will observe that Our Hero is in a bad spot. Now, what did the Lovely Lady's Papa say—or do? Just help yourself to an idea, and join the line that's forming at the right of the cashier's window. Meanwhile, Casey Jones will oil up the ol' drivers on Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express, and the cattle will kindly get off the track!

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

A dude who was handsome and tall
On his best girl was making a call.
Her dad saw romance,
At the dude looked askance

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of February 14)

$500 a Week for Limericks

Liberty's Greatest Contest---Open to Everyone, Everywhere!

For the Five Best Last Lines

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

First Prize---$250 Third Prize--$ 75
Second Prize- 100 Fourth Prize- 50
Fifth Prize------$25

Use the coupon in submitting your last line, or copy the Limerick and write your suggestion for a last line on a separate sheet of paper. You can submit as many last lines as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. The contest is open to men, women, and children. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.*

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

ALL LAST LINES *for* *THIS WEEK'S* CONTEST MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN *MIDNIGHT, FEBRUARY 21*

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of January 17. The Limerick read as follows:

Mrs. Chester Sylvester McDuff
Was strong for society stuff;
She spread a fine feast,
For ten guests at least,

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote are:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Like the cliffs, she was only a bluff.

Written by HENRY GIFFORD, Newport Beach Association, Newport, R. I.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

To pester Sylvester, the gruff.

Written by DR. ROLAND J. BLUE, 614 Stuart Street, Green Bay, Wis.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

But each guest tucked a spoon up her cuff.

Written by JOHN H. BRAGG, 313 Gardner Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

But forgot to invite them. 'Twas tough.

Written by MRS. BEULAH PECK, 615 West 148th Street, New York, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

But to cut up the meat made 'em puff.

Written by ALICE CORNELIUS, 1055 Fourth Avenue, Marion, Iowa.

$500 More for Limericks Next Week

SEND 'EM IN EARLY, FOLKS, AND AVOID THE LAST-MINUTE RUSH!

I Will Prove to You that You Can Make $100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week. You can make $5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for it is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted at Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a neat, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from $50 to $100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made $6 in 1½ hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared $8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made $24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training, and you can do as well or better.

Amazing Profits for Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars' worth were bought last year, but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy, for our products are in demand everywhere.

Your Profits Will Begin at Once

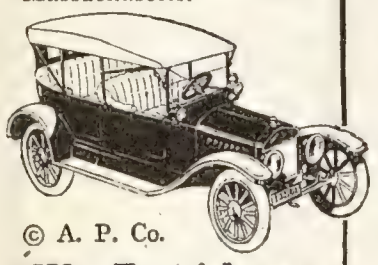
These records show you how our representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$16 Profit First Day
That's the record of Alyse Leblanc of Massachusetts.

$32 Profit in 8 Hours
is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya of New Mexico.

$13 Profit First Afternoon
Jacob Myron of Connecticut started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

$40 in 24 Hours
was the result of the first work of B. Collander of Massachusetts.



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We Furnish an Automobile

We offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $30 a day in cash.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay.

You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kerns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts, and dozens of others.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will show you how you can make $100 a week, and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible.

So mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
Dept. 1005, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres.
The American Products Co.,
Dept. 1005, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.
Name .....
Address .....
..... (Write Plainly)

VARIETIES

Famous Last Words

BY FISK HALL

"Sure, this stuff's all right; I got it from a fellow who was recommended."

"I do"—in response to the minister's question.

"That truck can't bluff me; I've got the right of way, and I'll keep it."

"Hello, Mary! I've brought company home to dinner."

"Shucks, this boat won't tip over."

"Blow your horn! You can't make me hurry."

"This gun isn't loaded."

"Why should I dim my headlights?"

"I'll take a chance. I'll try anything once."

"Merry Christmas, wifey, dear! I took your advice and didn't spend anything on a present for you this year."

"Pardon me, partner; I didn't realize that it was your ace."

To the man at the head of the line for world's series tickets: "Get two for me, brother; I can't wait 'til all these guys take their turn."

"I'll tell you whether there's gas in the tank as soon as I can strike this match."

"Don't try to tell me anything about fermentation. I know how to brew this stuff safely."

"I've got four-wheel brakes. I can stop in time."

"That sign's crazy. This water is deep enough here to dive in."

"Watch me step on it. I'll beat that train."

"I know my rights. They can't arrest me for this."

"The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand."

"The police are busily engaged on several new clews and expect to arrest the murderer in a few hours."

"I'll do that tomorrow."

"The law is unconstitutional."—United States Supreme Court.

"I told you so."

"That's all there is—there isn't any more."

PRECOCIOUS BOY

The boy furrowed his brow over the examination question, "What is a canard?"

At last he wrote down his reply: "Something you canardly believe."

WHAT A MISFORTUNE!

"He never completed his education, did he?"

"No; he died a bachelor."

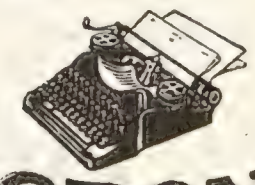
Could she earn her own living?

SHE'S your daughter—and perhaps you hate to think of her having to work for a living.

But this sort of thing does happen in very nice families—and too often the girl is utterly unprepared for any well-paid occupation. So she takes a poorly-paid job as sales girl, waitress or clerk.

* * * *

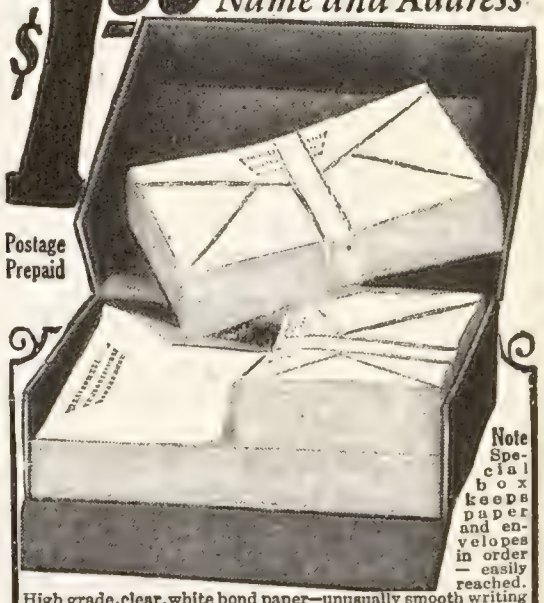
It's different when there is a Corona in the home. A child who has learned to use Corona Four, with its standard office keyboard, can operate any office machine—and you've provided her with the best kind of an insurance policy. Write to the Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 168 Main St., Groton, N. Y., for full particulars.



CORONA

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes

$1.00 *Printed with your Name and Address*



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on every sheet and envelope, in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name.

Just send your name and address (write or **print** clearly) with $1.00 (west of Denver and outside of the United States $1.10) and this generous box of stationery will come to you neatly packed, postage prepaid. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied. ORDER TODAY!

National Stationery Co. 2532 Lincoln Highway Batavia, Illinois

I enclose $1.00 (west of Denver and outside the U.S. $1.10). Send me the 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of National Stationery printed as follows. Money returned if I am not satisfied.

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Your MARRIAGE PROSPECTS

What Are a Girl's Chances of Being Wed After Twenty-five? And Are Widows the Sure-Fire Man-Catchers They Are Supposed to Be? Statistics Have Some Surprising Answers to These Questions!

By FRED C. KELLY

Picture by R. G. JONES

There is no gainsaying that a little widow is a dangerous thing.

A YOUNG man of my acquaintance proposed marriage to a lovely woman who politely but firmly stared at a hangnail and declined his magnanimous offer. He had been in the insurance business, where strong men are accustomed to solving problems by looking at tables of figures in little red books, and instead of being abashed by her refusal he merely became voluble with statistics.

"Are you aware," he asked, "that of all women at your age who refuse an offer of marriage only one in twenty ever receives another such chance?"

Insurance companies can tell with frightful accuracy how long one is likely to live. They are even willing to wager large sums of money on their forecasts. In all such problems we learn of the future by studying the past.

But statisticians have been slow to make full use of the law of averages as shown in figures on marriage licenses. Only two states, Massachusetts and New York, have attempted, so far as I know, to provide tables from which one may attempt to estimate matrimonial danger.

I have just been studying a little blue book compiled by Dr. Otto R. Eichel, director of the division of vital statistics of New York State. This book contains an analysis of marriage records for New York State (exclusive of New York City) for the years 1916, 1917, and 1918, combined, and for the year 1919. I have before me similar records from Massachusetts, as well as United States census reports, and from these sources I am able to draw reasonably dependable conclusions.

The dangerous years, in a general way, are from twenty to twenty-four. By far the greatest number of marriages are between persons whose ages are within those years. Riskiest of all years are twenty-one for a man and eighteen for a woman. One girl out of four will marry before she is twenty, but only one boy in forty will step off at such tender years.

Throughout the more popular marrying ages bridegrooms three years older than the brides are the most likely combinations. Next in order of probability are bridegrooms two years older, then those one year older, and after that *brides one year older!*

We frequently hear a young man in his teens or early twenties boast that he will remain a bachelor. But, ah, how vain are such ambitions! Of nine men single at twenty, three are certain to wear the matrimonial yoke before five years have elapsed.

The same is true of a young woman. But if a woman is still single at twenty-five the chances are less than one in five that she will marry before thirty, while the chances that a man will do so are still better than one in four.

Age has more effect on woman's marriage chances than on a man's. In a general way, every five years added to one's age between thirty and fifty cuts one's marriage expectancy right in two.

Most marriages are between persons without previous matrimonial experience: that is, bachelors and maids. These comprise eight out of ten of all marriages.

After a study of marriage figures one is forced to the conclusion that widows far excel all other brides in desirability. Whether widows make better wives than maids may be debatable, but there is no question that men *think* widows will be better wives and prefer them to maids.

Evidently the hallowed charm of a maiden bride has been much exaggerated. At any rate, virginal competition does not seem to stop a widow when she sets out to capture a husband. There is no gainsaying that a little widow is a dangerous thing. By this time some charming maid is saying, "But how are you going to prove all this?"

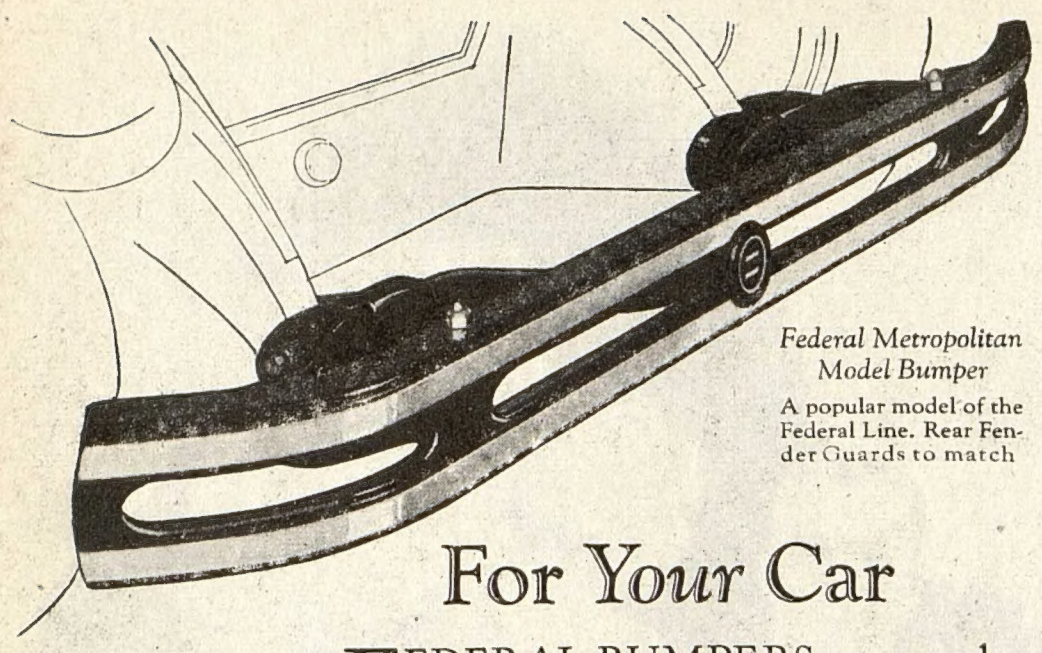
I knew somebody would demand the blueprints, and I have carefully fortified myself with fascinating bits of evidence.

Now, then, the fairest way to determine how widows compare with maids in marrying ability is to put them to a common test. Stand them up side by side and let them overcome some obstacle.

What more telltale obstacle could they meet than *age?* Surely, advancing years comprise woman's greatest enemy. Let us take the age hazard, then, as a convenient test by which to measure relative abilities of widows and maids to outwit a man and enslave him.

I violate no confidence when I tell the reader

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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A popular model of the Federal Line. Rear Fender Guards to match

For *Your* Car

FEDERAL BUMPERS are a real advance in the art of motor car bumper design and construction. Here beauty and utility are combined in a new style that is exclusively Federal.

The embossed nickeled ribs extending like silver bars identify the Federal Metropolitan Model. Select your bumpers from the Federal line. Write for Catalog No. 12L.

The **Federalite**, a complete stop, tail and name light—made of non-rusting cast aluminum. If your dealer cannot supply you promptly, we will ship direct . . . $5.00.

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Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

frankly in advance that widows so completely outdistance maids in such a comparison as to make the situation well-nigh ridiculous.

Everybody knows how reluctant the average man is to marry a woman older than himself. He shares the common belief that women age sooner than men and does not care to run any risk of having his wife mistaken in later years for his aunt. In the long run, only one reason is good enough to justify a man in taking a wife his senior: that she is so fascinating as to make him forget her age.

THAT is exactly what a widow is able to do. Of all widows who married bachelors in New York State in a given year, nearly *half* got husbands of tenderer years than their own. Maids caught younger bachelor husbands only about one time out of six.

Neither maids nor widows were able to make an equally creditable showing when they sought to capture widowers. But even then widows ran far ahead.

Widows overcome the age handicap with flying colors in still another test. We have already seen that each five years added to an average woman's life may be expected to reduce her marriage chances about one-half. But not so with widows. Just as many widows marry between thirty-five and forty as between twenty-five and thirty.

Why, it may well be asked, are widows so much more appealing? For one thing, they are more experienced. They have had more opportunity to learn the traits of the animal they are going to look after. Wouldn't a former employe of a zoo be better able to get along with, say, a hyena, than an applicant who had never handled such an animal?

My own theory is that there is also an entirely different reason for the lure of widows. Both men and women entering matrimony for the first time have a feeling akin to timidity. The man feels this even more than his bride because, since he is to support her, his is the greater responsibility.

A maid is no help to a bridegroom in such an emergency because she is just as frightened as he is. But a widow is able to say in a sweet, comforting, maternal way:

"Come along, little boy; I've been through this before and it isn't half bad."

We all like those who give us help and encouragement when we're scared!

The greatest number of marriages in the United States in 1922 were performed in New York State with 95,727; Illinois was next with 75,208; and Pennsylvania third, 70,289. However, Maryland led in the ratio of marriages to population, with 1,539 marriages to each 100,000 people, and Arkansas followed with 1,487. The highest percentages of marriages to population were in South Atlantic and Gulf States, except that California broke in for seventh from the top.

A woman's best chances for marriage, however, are said to be in certain sections of the Rocky Mountain States where red-blooded he-men abound and good women are scarce. The reason seems to be that a man seeks to marry the first girl he finds lest he should not soon overtake another. On the other hand, in towns such as Troy, New York, where collar and shirt factories attract more women than men, the average age of brides is likely to be much higher than in cities where attractive women are more scarce.

No national figures are available on how long marriage lasts before divorce is obtained. In Massachusetts the average duration of marriage prior to divorce is about ten and one-half years. Far more divorces are given to couples who have been married from ten to nineteen years than to those who have tried it only from one to four years.

JUST as people are most likely to marry at certain ages, they are also more likely to choose one month than another. June, as everybody knows, is the month of romance and the banner month for matrimony, and this is true both in city and country. Nature is at her best in June.

In most places February and March have the fewest marriages. January usually has a low record, though in New York City it runs nip and tuck with June—because, for some reason, New Year weddings have an appeal to New Yorkers. In Massachusetts the order of matrimonial importance of the months is as follows: June, October, November, September, July, February, May, August, January, April, December, March. That order is probably typical of most average communities.

An interesting feature of census reports is that there are always more married women than married men. Such figures are, of course, in error, since obviously for each married woman there must be a married man. But the census takers must accept the word of these men and women, and evidently women have a tendency to fib a little in favor of marriage, while men do just the reverse.

The explanation must be that under our present unfair social system, where most women are economically dependent on men, woman, rather than man, is likely to gain by marriage. She feels that her social standing is enhanced by a wedding ring, and, therefore, is not always above giving the census taker just a wee bit of misinformation.

THE END

Lifetime

A world-record demand takes root in this green pen achievement

A pen-wise public once more sets the seal of its mighty buying power on Sheaffer's Lifetime pen. And for this new green creation, now comes a hungry demand far exceeding even our splendid facilities for production. An overwhelming, a colorful success, built on the basic merits of a truly great pen, pinnacled as an infallible writer, with flawless action, unconditionally guaranteed Lifetime nib, and a safe ink supply. And now with its new unbreakable barrel comes also the subtle allurement of lovely color—green—the color nature loves best—the most beautiful of all colors for the most beautiful of all pens. The better class dealers are glad to show this new triumph. See it today.

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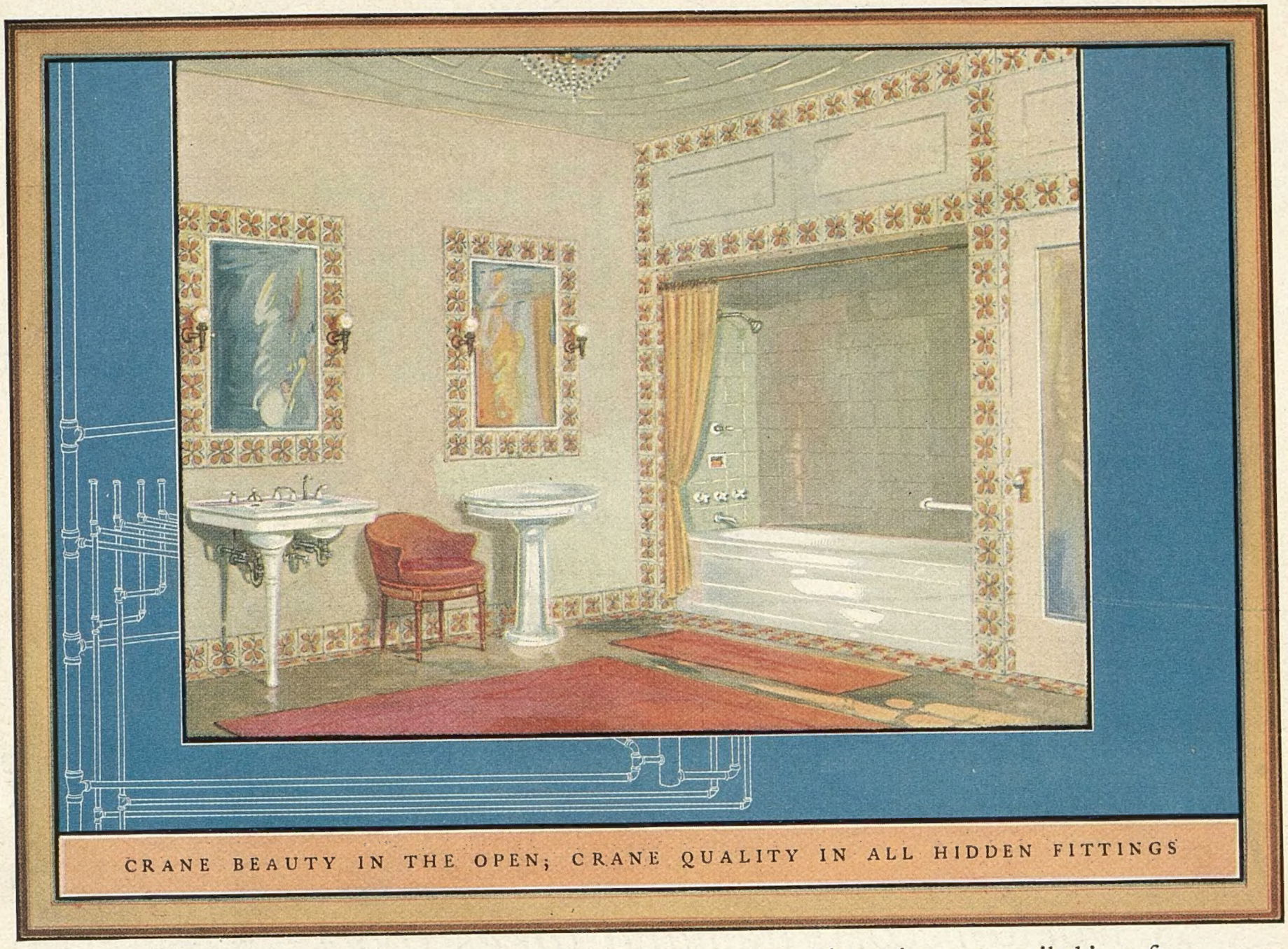

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From a mere utility, the modern bathroom has developed into a spacious shrine of cleanliness and health. The skill of architects and designers has kept pace with the desire of owners for individual charm and luxury.

In this Crane bathroom, the tiled floor and warm tan plaster walls have borders of Spanish majolica in primrose, brown and green. The new *Corwith* tub of cream-white enamel is set in a recess, tiled in soft green. The *Ovatus* dressing table and *Premo* combination dental lavatory of vitreous china, twice-fired, match the *Corwith* in color.

Your contractor can supply Crane plumbing and heating fixtures in a broad variety of types and styles at prices within reach of all. Let us send you a booklet of color schemes, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

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